AUG. 22, 1936

Liberty

5¢

WIFE *Trouble*

A Frank Novel of Modern Love and Marriage by WALLACE IRWIN

•

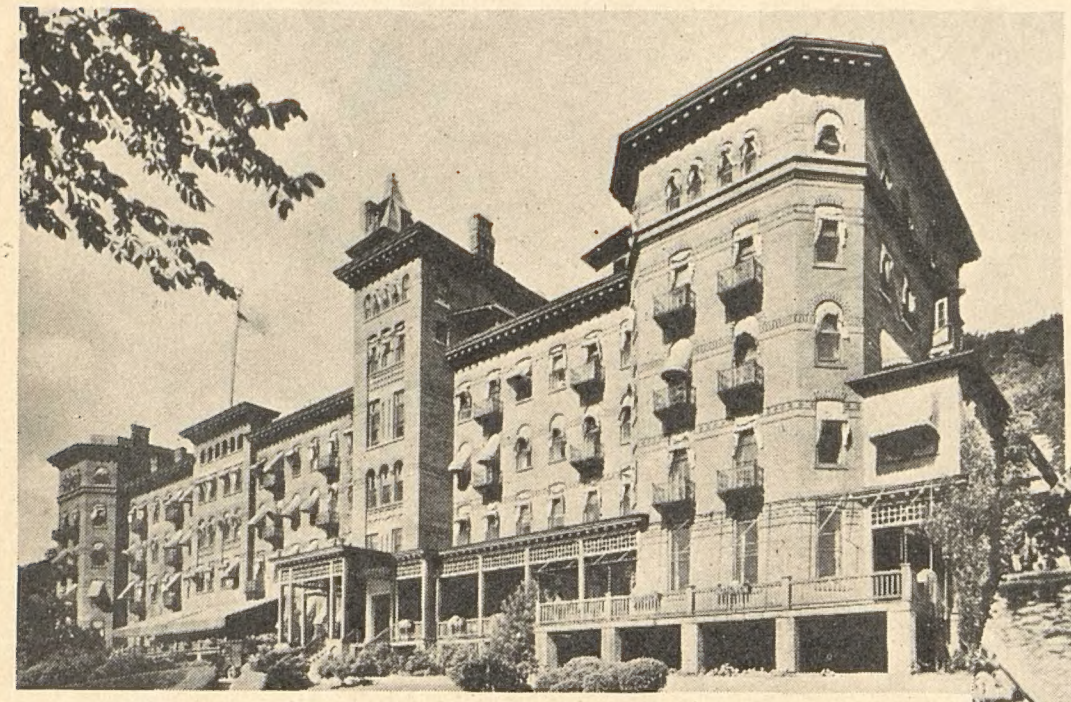
WHY *Television* IS BEING HELD BACK

by DAVID SARNOFF

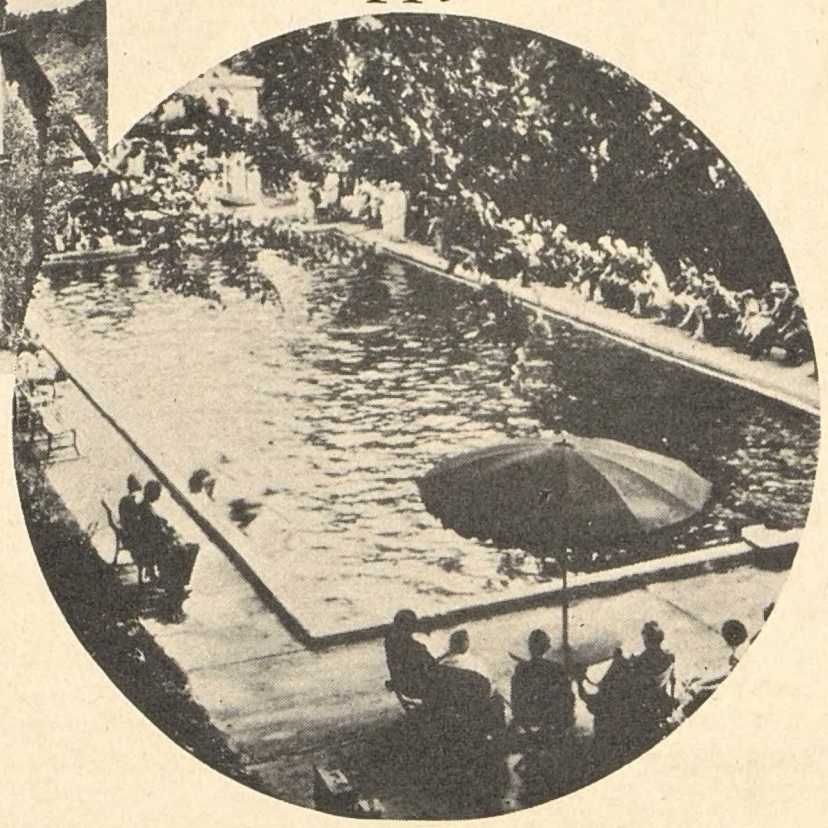
•

PAUL MUNI BECOMES A HEATHEN CHINESE

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



Where Building Health is a Happy Game



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AUGUST 22, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

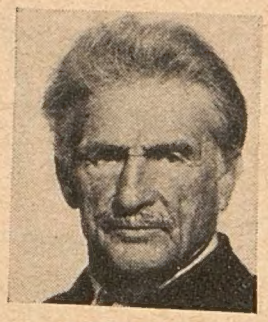
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Laws Should Govern Us—Not Men!

THE wisdom of our pioneer forefathers is especially noticeable in their division of our governmental forces into three classes—legislative, executive, judiciary. That procedure thoroughly separated these three important governmental activities. This system erected almost impassable barriers against the placing of dictatorial powers in the hands of one man or a group of men.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Those who made the laws had nothing to do with enforcing them. Those who enforced the laws were in a class by themselves.

Through legislation our laws were created. The executive department enforced the laws. The judiciary settled disputes, penalized those who broke the laws, and also held those laws within constitutional limits.

In accordance with this plan it would be extremely difficult for any one man or group of men to monopolize these three governmental agencies. That is the system which gave us the advantages of true democracy.

We were protected from the dictatorial tendencies of governmental officials. We were governed by laws and not by men.

We are, however, rapidly drifting toward the dictatorial procedure where the legislative, executive, and judiciary are controlled by one group of men. We have seen the irritation of high officials when the United States Supreme Court annulled their dictatorial efforts in the NRA and the AAA.

Many of the bureaus and commissions which have been brought into being in Washington make their own laws, or rules, as they call them. They establish their own courts and punish their victims in accordance with laws controlled by one group of men.

That is in direct opposition to the system of government that has enabled us to grow into a great and powerful nation.

Our statesmen of former years especially emphasized the necessity of maintaining intact these three separate branches of government that we might be protected against dictatorial encroachment; that we might continue to be a nation controlled by laws and not by men.

Last session in Congress we saw congressmen and senators bow to the edicts of the White House executive, often regardless of their own opinion. We have seen "must" laws created by a so-called "brain trust," forced through both branches of Congress, entirely contrary to the spirit of our American system.

But some men maintain that action of this sort is necessary; that our system of government has failed, and that emergency conditions require different treatment.

This statement is false, absolutely. As has been pointed out in these editorial columns, while the President, during the first five months of his administration, was following the democratic principles he advocated in his platform, our financial woes were being swiftly remedied. It was only when he diverged from our tried and true principles of government that the upswing of business staggered and stopped.

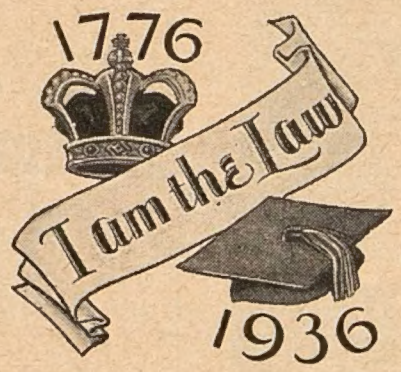
Every individual should use his influence in every possible way to sway the next administration toward the emphatic recognition of the value of a government by laws and not by men.

There is nothing the matter with the governmental principles that guided our democracy. It is deviation from them that has brought us our troubles.

We may need changes—yes. But the changes are those that will put us back on the main track from which we have been switched by Communistic crackpots. The main track on which we have traveled for generations led to justice, equal opportunities, and the prosperity that this country has enjoyed for many generations. These fundamental principles are rock-ribbed.

Liberty means the same thing today, tomorrow, and on to the end of time. Fundamental principles do not change any more than does the solution of a mathematical problem.

We want to retain the advantages brought us by a governmental system which secured for us as a nation nearly half the wealth of the world and a standard of living for workers far above that of any other nation.



Bernarr Macfadden

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If your chin is leading a double life—don't let it! Let Sylvia tell you how to make that double chin vanish. And if your abdomen gives you that rubber tire silhouette, write, wire or phone for Sylvia's book, *No More Alibis.*

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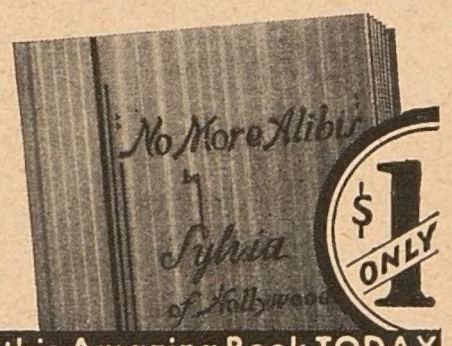

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Beginning Another Great Liberty Serial—A Frank and Revealing Novel of Modern Love and Marriage

"It'll do us good, waiting," she said. "I suppose so," said Stan. "That's one way of looking at it."

WIFE Trouble

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

by

WALLACE IRWIN

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—A WEDDING—AND DREAMS

ONE of those passionate June thunderstorms scowled and broke over the Stockton lawn. It didn't spoil the rehearsal, because that was finished, but it sent shoals of pretty girls, tomorrow's bridesmaids, scurrying and giggling up to the porch of the big white house. Followed a dozen young officers of the Fifth Militia, looking silly with fierce swords buckled on to their business suits. Rather shamefacedly they took off their swords and handed them over to the man who was there to collect them. It was to be a military wedding. Emmie Stockton and Rod Gill were going to have the showiest send-off Delaine had ever seen.

Sara Boyd, Northern blue eyes wistful and eager in her dark little Italian face, laughed at the sight of Stan Freeman over there, his unmilitary glasses flashing, his curls awry, as he fumbled with the buckle of his foolish sword belt. She knew he was cussing to himself. She wanted to go home with Stan. He had asked her to. Or she'd stay here all night if he stayed.

Outwardly reposeful, Sara stood straight as a wheat stalk. She wasn't tall, but the lovely carriage of her head and shoulders seemed to add inches to her figure. The Latin strain, singing in soft color under her skin, should have matured her early; somehow she looked a little younger than her nineteen years. Maybe it was because her wide Saxon eyes were so innocent; and her mouth was pure, despite its touch of rouge. Eyes and mouth that were for Stan Freeman, waiting, knowing that she adored him, that he adored her. Then why . . .

She went on making herself agreeable to the man beside her. He had stuck as close as possible all during the rehearsal. She was used to Fred Robley, had no cause to dislike him. Indeed she was fond of Fred and never forgot the favor he had done her, out of pure kindness.

She looked into his round gray horse-breeder's eyes and laughed pleasantly when he went on, "The show would be a complete washout, far as I'm concerned, if you hadn't been among the bridesmaids."

FRED ROBLEY, richest cousin of the rich Stocktons, plumping a little with his forty-odd years, had a specially turned-out look in his perfect summer whites. Everything about Fred was special—his house, his dogs and horses, his collection of jades and porcelains. Even the thin straight cut of his mustache proclaimed a special barber. He had a rather special taste in women, people said.

That hadn't mattered much to Sara, who had taken or rejected his favors, as any sensible modern girl would.

"You'll make the rest of them look like paper dolls," he insisted.

"Look here, Fred Robley, did you bully Emmie into asking me?"

"What do you mean, bully Emmie?" Fred had gone behind his worn, not unhandsome mask.

"I never see her, except at the shop. She won't give me the time of day. When you're a bridesmaid you're usually one of the bride's heavy pals. I don't play with her crowd any more. I can't."

"Haw! Maybe I did beat Emmie up a bit." One of Fred's tolerant laughs and the wave of a hand ringed with a large cabochon sapphire. "I have a little influence with the family." Fred, who had influence everywhere. "I guess I'd have stopped the wedding, Sara, if Em hadn't asked you."

"Thanks so much, Fred." It was like a formula, thanking Fred for his favors. She wasn't forgetting how, a year ago, when her father died of his war wound and her grandfather, the magnificently spendthrift Creole Santini, killed himself on the day of his bankruptcy, Fred Robley had appeared among the wreckage and presented himself to Mrs. Boyd, Santini's hysterical daughter. "Let me take Sara around to Jen Riley's shop," he had begged tactfully. "She wants her to model for deb clothes. It's the nicest place in town, Mrs. Boyd, I assure you. Sara couldn't be in a nicer place. . . ." And with Fred she had gone to the rough, slangy, socially popular Jen Riley, to feel Jen's fingers running over her and hear her arrestingly husky voice call out, "Sara, my kitten, you've certainly got something to marry on! And how I need you in my business!"

Sara had been with Jen for a year, enjoying the work, liking the feel of other people's fine clothes on her back. Yes, she owed that and many smaller favors to Fred Robley. But shyly she turned a beam of light toward Stan Freeman—a signal.

Fred was talking on: "Don't get sore at Emmie. She doesn't think anything about you—or anybody else but herself."

Emmie rose and met him halfway. Several of the bridesmaids left the table and gathered about the pair in an amused little group.

Sara couldn't tell him why she was sore at Emmie, really. Maybe she hadn't put the thought into speakable form. How Stan Freeman had seen a lot of Emmie, not so long ago. How people said that Emmie was following him. How she had actually tagged Stan up to Boston, when he was a student at M. I. T., and had wished herself on him for a dance. Stan seemed to have dropped her after that. Or had she dropped him? Sara didn't know. She knew so little.

"She loves Rod Gill, I think," said Sara aloud to Fred Robley.

"She's crazy about him. It's mutual."

"Mutual." Sara's eyes sought out Stan. He caught her look. His beautiful dark gaze behind the flashing spectacles invited her: Come now. Don't wait, my darling. Now.

Then Emmie was visible, going around the room, urging everybody to stay for cocktails. Emmie with ash-blonde hair, wide-set wine-colored eyes, a nose a curve too mischievous to be Greek. Sara's hair, under a trifling little hat, was fine black silk; in the blue eyes her father gave her there was depth and changing color, eyes that could be hurt or transfigured by what they saw; the very innocence of her mouth, larger than Emmie's but more

nicely cut, suggested a character that could grow firm or, if it went too suddenly Italian, impulsively cruel.

"And *you*'ll stay!" gushed the bride to be, jeweled hands going out to Sara's.

"I wish I could, Emmie. But I've got to run home. I've—"

Emmie lost interest and fastened herself to another group. Stan was among them, and she had run her arm chummily through his.

"Of course you can stay," Fred was insisting half jeeringly. "Jen's shop is closed. You haven't a thing to do."

"But mother—"

"I'll phone your mother. She has an awful crush on me."

"No, Fred. Please—"

"Then just stick around. I'll get together a mess of these cubs, and we'll have a room at Hennessy's and dinner and dancing."

"Most of the men will be at Rod's bachelor dinner, anyhow. How about you?"

"Rod'll be so tight he won't notice."

"Don't be horrid, Fred." Hoping that he'd be the least bit offended and that he'd let her go now. She could see Stan over there giving Emmie his big humorous smile. He was making Emmie laugh; her pink mouth was wide open, her eyes sparkling wine. A small jealous seizure came and passed in Sara. Emmie still wants him, she thought. Then, consolingly: He hasn't any use for her.

Tomorrow's bridegroom appeared just then. Big eyes of burnt gray, handsomely arched nose, teeth showing clean and sharp, he had more than ever the look of a fine dog always in pursuit of the rabbit he never quite caught up with. He had a cigarette in one hand, a cocktail in the other. Sara liked Rod Gill, and hoped that what Fred had just said about the bachelor dinner wouldn't come true.

"HE'S done so well since they were engaged," she said.

"Don't be such a serious baby," Fred chided. "If you can't get lit the night before your wedding, when can you? This marriage was arranged in heaven. Stockton Ale weds Gill's Youth Comfort Shoes. Yes, Rod's settling down gradually. And so's Emmie."

"You don't approve of marriage, do you?" gibed Sara absently.

"I wouldn't approve of yours." His tone, his expression brought her around. She looked him full in the face. This older man, this experienced bachelor, frightened her a little for the first time.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"The flower on the branch is beautiful. I don't suppose it can stay there forever. Somebody's bound to pick it. I mustn't take it too personally." He mused over her, lightly smiling.

The thought returned which had come to her lately uninvited. What would it be like to marry Fred Robley? Nobody did, somehow. The ghost of luxury-loving, prodigal Santini stirred in her. It would be nice to be rich again. She could have Fred if she wanted him, the female in her whispered.

But she was laughing when he persisted with his air of fixing everything for everybody, "We'll drop in at Hennessy's, just you and I, and have a bite. Later I'll show my face at Rod's dinner—matter of form—"

"And start a family feud. No, Fred, you go, and—"

A big sensitive hand went over her arm, making her unreasonably happy. Stan Freeman, tall and loose-jointed, the slight stoop of his shoulders, the brilliance of his glasses giving him a scholarly look, leaned over and said, "All right, Sara? Shall we start?"

The moment she had been waiting for. She didn't know where they were going. It would be beautiful, because they would be together again.

Making a fine show of indifference, she said, "It's all right by me. I'll be seeing you, Fred."

The older man, so immaculate in his summer whites, so perfectly balanced in his ego, waved a jaunty hand, the hand with the cabochon sapphire. A benediction, that gesture—or a threat. Sara was weak with the pleasure of escape; escape into a dream.

She followed Stan out to a yellow taxi. Their silence was poetry and music and color. Even his directions to the driver was a full rich song: "Rosetti's. Over in Old Town."

"It's only six bits a plate," he said.

"You're awfully extravagant, hiring a taxi." They were talking off, as soldiers do, facing destruction. His presence brought tears to her eyes—happy or unhappy, she couldn't tell. She only knew that it was here, their time. It might mean death. She didn't care.

ACROSS the pink checkered cloth they sat, these confused lovers, their eyes meeting, kissing, denying the commonplace words that came to their lips. Something held them a vast hair's breadth apart, so that they never dared speak out and tell the beating truth. Stan had nothing of Fred's way, inching closer, implying. Yet she felt his impatience, great as hers, as it pulled at hidden chains.

Stan Freeman, practical engineer, poor as she was; in his rugged face, full of light below his faunlike hair, she read a future which he did not fear—except for her. In repressed excited scraps, he told of his past year, after his sudden return from Massachusetts Tech. His father, Dr. Howard Freeman, had died of overwork at fifty. Dr. Freeman had been the Boyds' family physician; a great heart, a flair for research, hadn't left him much to put in the will. Stan might have economized through M. I. T. "But I didn't, somehow," he admitted across the pink checkered cloth.

Listening to him, her breath indrawn, Sara remembered how he had first appeared in her yard, when the Boyds were prosperous. A studious droll boy with enormous spectacles; he had shown her a gadget that would fix the springs of the doll buggy. She liked him then; she loved him when he came back from M. I. T.

"Of course," he was telling her across the pink cloth, "I wanted to graduate. But you can't do that on a nickel." One of his wide smiles, blaming nobody but himself. "Fergus White was a good pal of dad's. He's head of the Phoenix Electric now. It was swell of him sending for me at the Tech when I needed a job. Maybe he overestimated me."

"No, Stan. Don't think that."

"Funny," he said, half smiling, very earnest, "how I managed to get home. Down to small change and I'd pawned everything but my pants. I hadn't enough to wire Mr. White or buy a ticket. It was the first time I ever borrowed a cent. I went around to Rod Gill—"

"To Rod?"

"The only home-town boy I knew there. And Rod's pretty white."

"You used to play around together." Somehow thinking of Emmie again.

"He was on the Gold Coast at M. I. T. Too much money. That's the trouble with a lot of those bums." Sara's eyes were on Stan's hair, dark vines above imaginative brows. "I was a sort of keeper to Rod at M. I. T. When he was plastered I had to treat him rough. But Rod's all right. I think he's fine."

"Is he all right now—I mean, marrying Emmie and—" A pang of self-consciousness stopped her.

His look went deep into her; she hardly heard what he said, she was so moved by him. But he went on, "Emmie's been crazy as he was. But she has guts. Since they got engaged he's been down to work every day, right on the clock, at his dad's factory. No more speed-devil driving, either. No more cops with tickets. Emmie's done that for him. I think she's—"

"Saved his soul?" A little pettishly.

"She's not such a hot soul-saver." Chuckling. "But I'm betting on Rod. Betting money—" His laugh was gallant, none too happy. "Think of me betting money, at forty a week!"

"You'll do better than that some day."

"I'm sure of it." Brightening. "Mr. White's been like a father to me. He's promised to raise me in the spring."

"It's summer now." A whisper, torn from her. June with its passionate call; youth with its burning blood.

Stan seemed to sit in a glory of light. Yet he was only telling her how he paid Rod Gill back out of his first week's salary. "Because I don't believe in being indebted to rich people, no matter how much I like 'em." This was brave of him, she thought; a part of his fine gallantry. Then he was suddenly very intense under his black brows.

"Will you let me say something, Sara?"

"Anything you want to, Stan." Her heart stopped with the nearness of fate, then bounded, disappointed, when he said:

"Sara, I hate to see you palling around with Uncle Fred Robley."

"Uncle?" Laughing a little nervously.

"He's old enough to be."

"He's nice." She had a sudden feeling of independence. She wouldn't be bossed, not even by Stan.

"No, not nice." His curly head shaking. "Everybody around Sycamore Valley knows what he is."

"I haven't seen the scaly side of him."

"I'd bust his stylish neck if you had—"

He was magnificent, her man, offering to bust necks for her. Yet independence stood up again, weakly, perversely:

"Suppose I took a notion to marry him?"

"Marry Fred Robley? Does Fred marry anybody? He's forty-umpty years old, and he's dodged pretty well. Did he marry Kit Blaney, or that Swinnerton girl? Or the rest of 'em he's been parading around? Take it from me—"

"Stan, I'm not thinking of marrying him." That was true for the moment. She had only played with the idea. Stan Freeman was the one thought in her head now. Their love, like a spell, binding them together, whirling them on.

"Because, Sara, I wouldn't like that. I don't think I could bear it." There was fever in his face, close to hers across the table. To her it was pure delight, knowing that he couldn't bear it.

Then the waiter interfered with the check.

THEY walked and walked in Ritter Park. Their love had become a pulse between them. His talking of the future was like the beating of a surf unseen. They were coming together soon; achingly Sara knew that they were coming together. Every step they took, every breath they drew, brought them closer. Now they were standing in the black shadow of a low-hung tree.

"There's no use our thinking of it," he said, out of nowhere.

"Why not?" She knew. He didn't have to tell her.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, Stan, I love you so."

"We'll have to forget it."

"Do people forget these things?"

"I'm an engineer, Sara." Hotly his voice came. "I know there are certain metals you can't fuse. It would be lovely if you could—"

"Stan—"

"You can't fuse poverty with poverty. A girl like you. Fred Robley understands. He knows you're not made to starve along. You're built for fine things, for something better—"

"My darling." Candid now, above pretense, she put her hands on his sleeve and implored, "What could be better, Stan? We know how we feel. We know we love—"

"My girl—my dear, it's got to stop with just that. I won't have you busting your fingernails, working like a nigger for a man with a what-you-call-it—future. That's ten years, maybe, or a hundred. My beautiful—"

Almost unconsciously, under the wide brooding tree, she felt herself being drawn to his strong body. Delight, heaven, her lips were on his, and she was given over to him utterly.

"I'll belong to you, Stan," she cried out, when she could speak, "even if we can't be married—"

Suddenly, roughly, he pushed her away.

"That's what I won't have," he growled. "It's nonsense, Sara, going on like this, driving each other crazy. Let's finish it. Let's kill it."

She stood away from him, puzzled and unhappy. "Can we kill it, Stan?" she asked.

"You can kill anything," he said. "Life has to be real."

They walked away toward her mother's house in Cherry Street. "Good night." Clumsily he took off his hat and shambled away. The only thing we want is what we can't have, she was thinking, and tears came to her eyes. . . .

The Stocktons' acres of terraced lawn, overlooking Sycamore Valley's misty woodlands. At an altar of roses above a crimson carpet a robed bishop had read God's words and joined together a girl in a priceless veil and a young man in the operatic gray and gold of the Fifth Militia. Brother officers had made a canopy of swords.

Sara Boyd, among the bridesmaids, was never unconscious of Stan Freeman, among the officers. He hadn't even looked at her.

Yet Sara's heart was not all misery; the Latin strain in her blood moved with the ceremony, with the holy words, the pagan June.

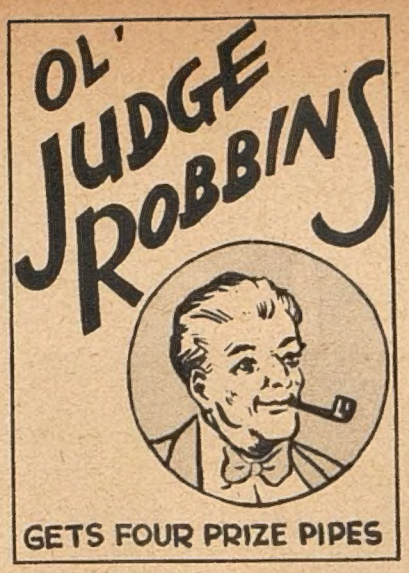
SHE had a closer glimpse of Emmie, on her husband's arm, moving away from the altar. There was something more than calm in her face; there was a softening, a prayer. The girl who had been like Rod—a child with too much money. There had always been a faint friendliness between Sara and Emmie. Sweet Emmie, with the unconscious arrogance of money, never quite satisfied with having everything in the world, playing dangerously—then melting into Rod Gill's arms, simply and completely in love.

Physically untouched, mentally unvirginal, delightful Emmie had picked up men and smashed them down as a child does its flimsy toys. But she hadn't dented Stan Freeman. Or had she? Sara wondered, watching her.

Now the reception line had broken up, handshaking and kissing and palaver were over. Fred Robley, who had kissed the bride a number of times and congratulated himself on having such a kissable cousin, caught up with Sara, wandering in the crush. She was hoping to run into Stan, and be casual, and swallow her pride, and try to win him back to her. But Fred's stocky figure in another, finer suit of white confronted her amiably.

"You belong at the bride's table. Beside me. I fixed the cards that way."

On the bride's long table there were fine linen, brilliant silver, crystal glasses, heaps of white orchids. Soft-tinted bridesmaids flirted with gaudy officers. Emmie in her famous wedding gown—Jen Riley made it; Sara knew the price of every stitch. Emmie's shoulder touched Rod's epaulet. Wine-colored eyes, once so roving, glowed gently. Rod Gill flashed ex-


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
GETS FOUR PRIZE PIPES
YEP, I'M AFRAID CHUBBINS' NUMBER ONE BOY-FRIEND IS TRYING TO CURRY FAVOR WITH THE OLD MAN. ELSE WHY DID HE BRING ME SEVERAL CHOICE CENTRAL-EUROPEAN PIPES TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION?
OH, DAD, SHOW THEM THE PIPES AND STOP TEASING—
1 THIS IS A TYPICAL GERMAN PORCELAIN PIPE WITH PICTURE-DECORATED BOWL AND EXTREMELY ORNATE STEM
2 THE PORCELAIN BOWLS ARE ALMOST EXACT COPIES OF THE SMALLER 17TH CENTURY DUTCH CLAYS — EVEN THE USELESS 'SPUR' HAS BEEN RETAINED
THIS TYROLEAN PIPE IS A HUMOROUSLY CARVED STAG HORN. EVEN PART OF THE STEM IS CARVED
3
AH, THIS IS THE PRIZE — A CARVED WOOD BAVARIAN PIPE — A REAL WORK OF ART
THEY'RE A LOT FANCIER THAN OUR TRUSTY OLD BRIARS, JUDGE — ON THE OUTSIDE, I MEAN ---
I GET IT, MAC. JUST SO LONG AS THE INSIDE IS FILLED WITH MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT, YOU AND I BOTH FIGURE WE'RE NEXT TO REAL SMOKING JOY!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

GET YOUR PIPE GOIN' ON P. A.

Fill up your bowl with Prince Albert ...light up...and settle back to smoking contentment. P. A. smokes cool and sweet—has a mild, hearty flavor all its own. There's no other tobacco like P. A., men. It's "crimp cut"—has the "bite" removed. You can spin out trim, tasty roll-your-owns with Prince Albert too.

PRINCE ALBERT *MUST* PLEASE YOU!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

cited glances; he sniffed the joyous air of life; the fine young animal, snorting for the race, even after last night's bachelor dinner.

Sara's anxious eyes roved down the table; with a little thump of the heart she saw Stan, near the far end, standing beside the slim blonde Eberhart girl.

The bridal end of the table was growing rowdy. Fred Robley, having dragged Sara along with him, was describing how Rod drove; and if he drove on the honeymoon, they'd probably live like birds, nesting in a tree.

"I adore demon drivers," said Emmie, an arm across Rod's shoulder.

Then Fred, egging her on, remarked, "When the bride-kissing began I was in line twice."

"I didn't notice," said the bride. The wine in her eyes, heavy with wine, searched the men. "I hate to bawl you out, Stan Freeman. Don't you ever kiss brides?" Stan's head was still close to the blonde's. "Stan *Free*-man!" Emmie yelled.

When at last he said, "Huh?" his curly head coming up, Emmie repeated, "Don't you ever kiss brides?"

Quick hatred filled Sara's blood. Emmie, who had been crazy about him, reaching out for him still. Yes, but Stan would snub her.

He rose awkwardly and went toward the bride's chair. Emmie rose and met him half-way. Several of the bridesmaids left the table and gathered about the pair in an amused, eager little group. "O. K.!" His large red grin pressed tightly on Emmie's little mouth. "I didn't ask you to murder me," she chided, not too severely, plying her lipstick. They returned to the table.

Rod drew his sword. "Let him have it!" suggested his brothers of the Fifth. "It's to cut the cake with," said Rod mildly. The Stockton butler was jockeying a four-foot superstructure of sugar bells. Emmie cut into the cake, rather crookedly, the long blade clutched in her two helpless hands. She looked very young doing that.

Sara was miserably happy. The gaiety, the sadness of love and life molded into the form of beauty. She felt the soft narcotic. And Stan. What if Emmie had made him kiss her? It hadn't meant anything, the way his kiss had last night.

NOW the bride and groom were making their progress down the lawn; people rose from the tables as if for royalty. The Stocktons had allied themselves with the Gills. Up to the steps of the great white house went the procession. Then the bride, holding her immense bouquet, paused and smiled among the bridesmaids, a smile of dignity and the Stockton wealth. Prankishly she lifted the orange blossoms and tossed them high over the girls. Sara found herself reaching out, gathering the fragrant cluster against her breast.

"You're next!" The shout was all around her. Awkwardly she backed away, almost into the arms of Fred Robley.

"You're next," he said softly. "You're too lovely to stay on the branch very long. But don't be crazy, Sara. Give yourself a little time to think. Have your fun now, before—"

People were crowding around, interrupting, and Sara was glad. Mrs. Boyd, dark as a Santini should be, with satiny ivory skin and artificially red hair, was twitching Sara's arm, wanting her to come and sit at a table with a very deaf retired general who had known Colonel Boyd. But when she saw Fred, still attentive to Sara, Mrs. Boyd withdrew. Fred was her darling wish. He could give Sara her place in a world where she belonged.

"I knew you'd be a wonderful bridesmaid." Fred was laying it on thick. "I couldn't keep my eyes off you—"

WALLACE IRWIN

needs no introduction to the readers of Liberty since his serial, She Made Her Bed, was run in it last year. Before he became a fictionist Mr. Irwin was noted as a writer of burlesque, humorous verse, and feature articles. And who does not remember his side-splitting Hashimura Togo, the Japanese schoolboy? Wallace Irwin was born in Oneida, New York, educated in the West, and now lives on Long Island

"What do you know about it, old bach?" A sweet rough voice at his shoulder. Fred turned guiltily.

"Well, Jen! Nosing in again on my private life?"

Jen Riley, who owned the dress shop, Sara's living, was a flowery beauty, getting fat. Jen's eyes were a full bold brown under disappearing brows and hair a touch too blonde. And she was the smartest figure there. Sycamore Valley called her vulgar, and asked her everywhere. Whatever her private life might have been, she had family on her side.

Jen flopped down at the nearest table, snapped her fingers for wine, twisted a cigarette in a long jade holder. Sara sat uneasily beside Fred while he bullied a waiter into stopping with a champagne bucket.

"I DRESSED this show," said Jen, pretending weariness; one of her poses. "And it looks pretty good, huh?"

"The flower girls are a shade too blue," contended Fred Robley.

"Men shouldn't know too much about women's clothes. It's what's inside that should count with a hemale."

"Jealous, what?" countered Fred. "Why so? I'm only a dabbler, and you're a genius. They tell me you can sell good clothes for less, and bad ones for more than anybody in the Middle West."

"Do you buy them on the sly?" Lifting feathery brows. "So many men do. Sara, for heaven's sake, don't slouch like that. It's bad advertising." She straightened a flounce on Sara's skirt. "That's one of the nicest things that ever came out of my shop." Fred said something about drillmasters, making 'em stand straight, and Jen babbled on, "When you're a model you have to stand straight, even if you don't go straight. My, it's a hard pull getting married. No wonder so many of 'em don't." Nudging Fred. "I run a matrimonial agency on the side, sort of. Brought Rod and Emmie together. Isn't it wonderful, having millions on both sides? If I had a man to take care of me, would I be cutting diapers for debs?"

To Sara, deep in her dream, this was just the noise of older people, drinking. She wanted to get away. He knows I'm here, she thought. He can't help knowing. The party's nearly over. Maybe—

"They're going away!" Yelps from all sides. Sara ran to the crowd, like hiving bees on the front terrace. Rod and Emmie came out, heads down to meet a shower of rice. Now they were in his long, speedy roadster, Rod at the wheel; one hand went up. They were off, flying. "They're booked on the Normandie," a newspaper woman said sagely.

Sara turned, sensitive as if a hand had pulled her. Stan Freeman was at her elbow, on a step below, his eyes two wonderful lights holding hers. Dizzy and faint, she thought she said, "It's horribly hot here."

"Terrible." Impatient clever hands laid open the front of his tunic. He looked even less a soldier. "Let's get out of this soup."

Masterfully, silently, he took her arm and led her down to the rich green shadows where a marble boy poured water into a blue pool. Heavy foliage shaded crescent stone benches, remote from servants already clearing the wedding litter.

There was a space between them on the bench. His elbows were on his knees, clever fingers went through unruly hair; it was black as hers, but hers was finespun, his bursting into curls like the water boy's in the fountain. She wanted to reach out and stroke it. She mustn't now. She had something to argue out. What was she going to say? Champagne was coursing through them, hot and reckless.

"But what do they do—people like us?" There was

resentment in his drooping face looking up at her.

"They wait. You can't have everything right away."

"Stan and Emmie didn't wait."

"They're—they're different."

"Different?" His brow wrinkled. He smoothed it with the heel of his hand. There was despair in the gesture, and the courage that comes with despair. "They're flesh and blood, aren't they? They're so rich they can get what they want when they want it. That's all the difference. A lot of music and bridesmaids and red carpet and a million dollars' worth of champagne—"

"That doesn't count, Stan. That's not it—"

"We're flesh and blood too," he said.

"Yes, that's the trouble."

"Trouble? Have we got to be made of wood?"

"I didn't mean that."

"Rod and Emmie can get married when they're good and ready. They don't have to wait till it's spoiled."

"Stan!"

"Honey, I didn't mean that." Trying, like her, to find out what he did mean. "I'm about crazy. No, this thing we have can't spoil. But everything's so terribly cockeyed."

"You'll have that raise in the spring. It's not so far off."

"What we feel is *now*, Sara."

"And not tomorrow?"

"Of course tomorrow." He rubbed his brow again. "Don't think I haven't been kidding myself along too—about waiting. I've been looking at it every way. But I couldn't see myself putting you into a dump. What I said last night—remember?"

"Oh, Stan!" Remembering seemed more than she could bear. That flashing kiss out in the park, then his rough refusal of happiness.

She firmed her quivering lips and said, "We've got a lot of facts to face, Stan."

"Wait till spring. That's the fact."

"It's lovely, the spring."

Ah, but here was June. If only the bird would cease to sing, the flower lose its melting fragrance, the water stop its passionate, pagan music.

"We ought to think it out, I know." His voice was calmer. "I can take it. Didn't I tell you last night that this game was impossible? That's why I didn't want to see you any more—"

"You must see me. You must." It was death, the thought of his being away from her—it would make her do something crazy, like throwing herself in the pool. "It'll do us good, waiting," she said quietly.

"I suppose so. That's one way of looking at it."

They were being reasonable now. Reasonable. Only the pulse was pounding, pounding, fauns dancing, and somewhere behind the tall rhododendrons the echo of an angel's voice singing a blessed song.

"Rod and Emmie," she said, "had it handed to them."

"On a silver plate."

"You don't appreciate things when they come so easy."

"No, you don't."

A silence. But this was better. They were talking it out.

"I want you to help me, Stan."

"That's what I want. More than anything. You know that, Sara."

"Then help me get through—till spring."

"We can keep busy, looking over places to live." Now he had settled down. There was no immediate danger in him any more. "The boss can give me a tip on lots of places. He seems to know about the kind of houses we'd want."

She breathed gently. Stan was talking on, his quick mind caught by the idea of the home they'd pick out. Something small. Light and airy. Easy to keep up. They'd have fun, doing that. And he had a little invention on the fire. Funny invention. Maybe she'd laugh at it.

Sitting away from her, his arms folded, she saw the deep hunger in his eyes. She burned to have him for herself. His words meant little more than vibrations going through her, taking away her mind.

"Your invention's going to be wonderful," she thought she said.

"It can't help being, with you, Sara," he said confidently. "If only—"

It was the way he turned, letting his elbow touch hers. The brush of a sleeve, and fire smote fire. Argument and sense blazed to ashes. His arms around her, his mouth over hers. The earth a shining glory. Her little cries of "Oh!" Pain and wonder and joy, as though she were dying, seeing heaven for the first time. Her tears in his hair, her sobbing breath on his cheek.

For the moment Stan and Sara are "seeing heaven," but when they come down to earth again and face their economic problem and temperamental differences, will they still dwell in the clouds, or—? "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," says the Good Book, and the next installment in Liberty will give you the "herbs" effect on their lives.

AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS, JULY 4

Beatrice Bryant of Miami, Fla., wins first prize of $25 for her short story, The Man Who Married a Cook. Second prize of $10 goes to Ann Barclay of Bristol, Pa., for her poem, Language Development. And three awards of $5 each go to Charles Skiles of Daytona Beach, Fla., cartoonist; William Bowles of Monroe, La., for his quip; and Gertrude Cohen of New York City for her poem.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THAT WAS BALZAC** by George Middleton. Random House, Inc.

Here is a play that can be greatly enjoyed in book form but which is crying for the theater. It is biography, history, and literature in one fine work. Balzac emerges from its pages as much alive as any one of the two thousand characters of his Comédie Humaine.

★ ★ ★ **CHILDREN OF OL' MAN RIVER** by Billy Bryant. Lee Furman.

There still are show boats on the rivers and this is the story of Billy Bryant of Bryant's floating theater which has been on the Ohio and Mississippi for over thirty years. Illustrated with interesting old photographs.

★ ★ **THE SKY BUT NOT THE HEART** by R. L. Duffus. The Macmillan Company.

In this novel about a Utopia to end Utopias the author shows the futility of most of the causes for which women speechify and men fight.

★ ★ **A HORSE IN ARIZONA** by Louis Paul. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

No horse—no Arizona—but a riotous Rabelaisian yarn of two ex-soldiers' wanderings. Swell in parts, tiresome in others.

★ ★ **THE WASHINGTON NURSERY** by K. E. S. Blackstone, Publishers.

Sixteen pages of nursery rhymes for five cents, satirizing various governmental activities and personages.

★ ★ **THEY FOUND ATLANTIS** by Dennis Wheatley. J. B. Lippincott Company.

An exciting novel of adventure in which the lost Atlantean civilization is discovered under the sea by an expedition in a bathysphere.

★ **RACKETEERS OF EUROPE** by W. A. S. Douglas. The Telegraph Press.

A book which reports only the worst features in the dictatorships of Europe.

Why TELEVISION Is

It's a Reality Now, but There Are Grave Obstacles Yet to Be Overcome... A Leader of the Industry Tells You What They Are

by DAVID SARNOFF

President of the Radio Corporation of America

as told to

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HAVING conquered the earth, man is conquering the ether. As science waves its magic wand the universe changes before our eyes. Einstein has invested space and time with new meaning, while the new physicists are wresting from the heart of the atom its ultimate secret. The philosopher of the past thought in terms of theology. The philosopher of today thinks in terms of wave lengths. Perhaps both terms are interchangeable, like gravity and electricity.

In spite of the startling revelations of scientists who dabble with the transmutation of metals and with four-dimensional space, we have hardly yet grazed the outermost layer of the mystery of the universe.

David Sarnoff

Modern youth, unlike Alexander the Great, need not despair for fear that the days of great exploits are over. There are many new worlds for science to conquer. We hardly understand even the forces that we control in a measure.

Of the laws that govern electromagnetic waves we know little. Radio, for all its familiarity, still puzzles us. The short wave only slowly yields its potentialities. Far from being at the end, mankind is only at the beginning of the age of miracles!

We have all felt in our daily lives the influence of the development of radio. The transmission of sound on the wings of the ether has materially altered the conditions of human life everywhere. The transmission of sight will usher in changes even more revolutionary. The joint transmission of sight and sound will bring the theater, the university, the political and the Olympic fields to every man's home, with results that we cannot even conjecture.

The marriage of radio and television, the synchronization of sound and sight, has been achieved in the laboratory. Some day it will be a commonplace of daily experience. Television today is where sound radio was in the era of earphones. In the course of time it will equal and maybe surpass the record of radio broadcasting as we now know it. Television in a practical sense, from the point of view of the public at large, has not yet arrived.

At the end of June, 1936, the Radio Corporation of America opened its first great television sending station on the roof of the Empire State Building. This station is the last word in practical television. But already new devices tested in the laboratory make it certain that the new million-dollar equipment must be scrapped before long to keep pace with the advance of science. One hundred television receivers in the hands of our experts provide for elaborate field tests. After these tests are completed we shall know the direction in which we must march.

Two problems must be solved before television can effectively reach the public. The size of the image transmitted by our present equipment is too minute to be enjoyed by more than a small gathering, and the space it occupies in the ether too large, to permit the unimpeded broadcasting of sight. Before television can be adapted to public exhibitions, it will be necessary to increase the size of the picture.

The greatest recent advance in the field of television is the invention by RCA of an electric eye which facilitates the pickup of studio action and permits the broadcast of remote scenes. The iconoscope—for that is its technical name—acts like a camera lens, but it is subject to some limitations.

The pictures now capable of transmission remind one of the impression one receives of a parade witnessed from a high building, or of a champion fight seen from the topmost gallery of a great stadium.

It is easy to amplify sound but difficult to amplify light. We use fluorescent material to make the image brighter, but every attempt to increase the size of the pictures decreases the clearness of the outline. Those in charge of television prayerfully await an amplifier for light.

Until some one discovers such an amplifier the practical uses of television are circumscribed. But, as my friend and teacher Professor Pupin was fond of saying, "When the need for an invention is recognized, it usually leaps into being." I have not the slightest doubt that the device needed will be discovered before we proceed very far—maybe tomorrow morning, maybe a few years from now; maybe in the laboratory by highly trained technicians, maybe by a boy in an attic!

The present range of visibility of a single television service station is fifteen to twenty-five miles, the range of the human eye. The higher we go, the farther we see. That is the reason why we placed an experimental television station on top of the highest edifice in the world.

To cover three million square miles, the area of the United States, requires a multitude of television stations and presents formidable technical problems. Enormous new wire systems or radio relays must be developed to extend the television reception area from local to national service.

THE second great obstacle to the practical application of sight transference on a nation-wide scale is the fact, already cited, that television occupies too large a "wave band."

One television broadcasting station requires more "space" in the air than all present sound broadcasting stations put together. This situation will be greatly improved when we learn to reduce the required wave bands for the transmission of sight. At present, for sound broadcasting we use wave lengths of 250 to 500 meters. To make television practical we must use wave lengths of less than ten meters. The limited visibility and the limited distance at which sight may be projected necessitate the many transmitting stations.

Television is a highly complicated system of transmitting and receiving elements, with thousands of interlocking parts. Each must function correctly in its own

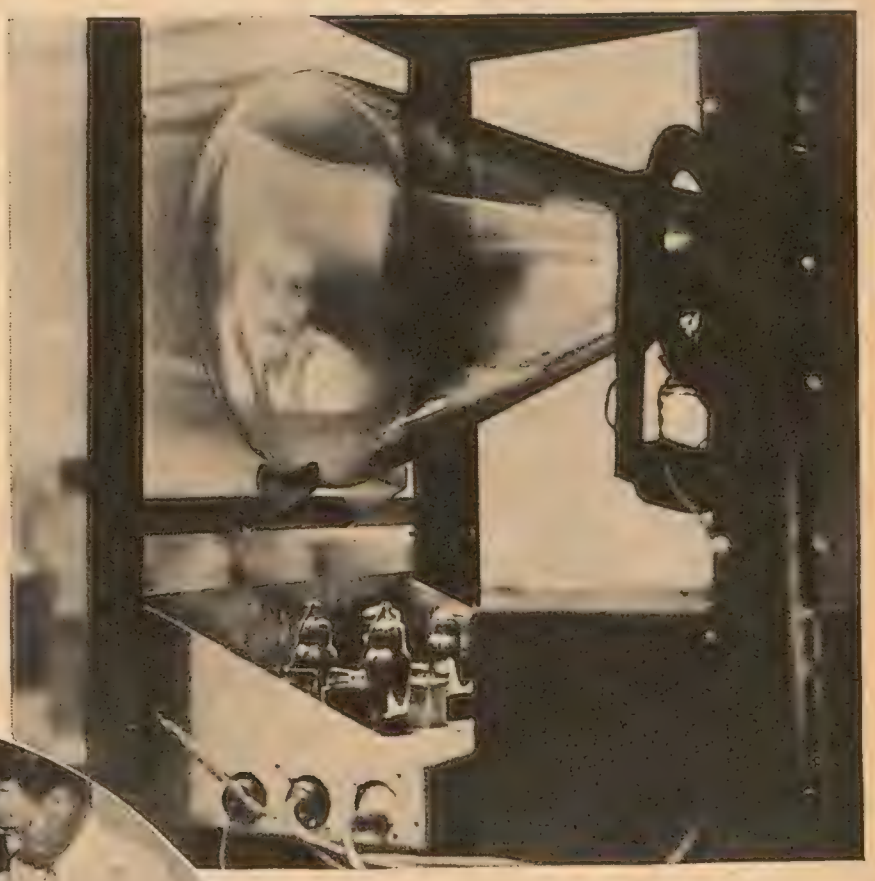
Being HELD BACK

sphere and must synchronize perfectly with every other part of the system. Transmitter and receiver must fit as lock and key.

In radio, any sound broadcast receiver can receive sound programs transmitted from a broadcasting station. For that reason it is possible to use old radio sets in spite of new inventions improving the transmitter. But in television every improvement in transmission requires corresponding changes in receiving apparatus. Obsolescence might be both rapid and costly.

Simple radio sets can be made for twenty or thirty dollars; even a modest television set would cost the buyer between four and five hundred dollars. It is obvious that under these conditions experiments will be expensive.

Before television can be established on a national scale, it will be necessary for manufacturers to agree upon certain technical standards or units, just as it was necessary to agree upon a standard gauge for our railroads. This necessity is illustrated by the difficulties of the Northwestern Railroad in Chicago. That system has the same gauge as other American railroads, but the English firm which constructed it followed the Continental custom of laying the track from left to right instead of from right to left in accordance with American usage. It is not possible to incorporate this system into the railway net of the United States by merely reversing the trains. It would be necessary to change every switch, every loading platform, every signal, every station—in other words, to reconstruct it completely. The same holds true in the sphere of television.



A picture of Joan Crawford televised during a recent experiment of the specially constructed cathode tube.

Above: The combination radio and television set now being perfected. Left: Dr. W. R. Baker, electronics authority, inspecting one of the iconoscope tubes.

If every railroad track had a different gauge, or if every system were laid out differently, the expense of transportation would be prohibitive. There would be no streamlined trains from New York to San Francisco; it would be impossible to pass from one railroad system to another. Similarly, the confusion in the air would be devastating unless all makers of television apparatus agreed upon certain standards.

Standardization, while aiding progress to a certain point, is not without dangers. Railroading as we know it today was made possible by standardization; but standardization made the railroads reluctant to try new experiments, because revolutionary innovations render the system obsolete and require replacements exceeding by far the financial power of any individual road. Before we "freeze" or standardize television we must progress far beyond the present phase. We must not standardize, we must not "freeze" the art too soon. We would rather wait a few years and present a satisfactory television set to the country than introduce television imperfectly and prematurely.

It was possible to experiment with sound broadcasting more freely and to manufacture broadcast receivers while experimenting because—as I have pointed out—no broadcast receiver is affected by improvements in the standards of the broadcasting station, and receivers are inexpensive to build, while every improvement in the television sending station requires delicate, difficult, and costly changes in every receiving set. In the old days it would have been easy to sell stock in television to investors willing to take a risk. But new laws, regulating stock issues, should operate to protect the investing public. For the present television is a gamble—with the blue sky as the limit.

In Europe television is financed by the governments. We prefer to finance our own experiments. Television must be nursed like a baby. It must be mothered by some one. Private initiative can do more for television than the state, just as a mother can do more for a child than can an orphan asylum. We prefer the American system—to develop television through private enterprise. Before the lapse of many years we shall probably have solved most of the problems involved in television.

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

Jane's I.O.U.

by

ELIZABETH TROY

READING TIME
32 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THERE was no reason in the world why the young man who had been told to sit down and wait because Mr. Brent was busy just now should have chosen to do so on the bench. There were six empty chairs in the reception room of the J. Wilson Brent Advertising Agency. The bench was of the love-seat size—the size that accommodates two and no more—and it was not empty. It had a girl on it, and the young man made for it and plopped down.

The girl, a smallish person with brown eyes and a purposeful set to her chin, was at once confronted with one of those silly minor crises of indecision so often caused by the mental incompetence of others. Should she permit this long-legged oaf to drive her to a chair, or should she just ignore him and stick to her half of the bench?

A born sticker, she stuck. Right away she saw she had made a mistake. Stick she might, but ignore she could not. No one could have. The young man smelled to the heavens of alcohol and he was restless. His head kept dropping down and jerking up again. Each time it came up he opened his long-lashed eyes in bemused wonder, rubbed his cheek in a puzzled way, and started all over again.

He did at last what Jane Carroway had been afraid all along he would do. He glimpsed her stiff little blue-linen arm. A pleased smile of discovery lifted the corners of his mouth; he wriggled nearer and with the contented murmur of a homed pigeon laid his head against her shoulder. His hair, sorrel-brown and rumpled, tickled her neck. He slept.

For a stunned instant she just sat there and had goose flesh. Her eyes were fixed upon a door not ten feet away from and directly in front of the bench. If it opened, there was a strong probability that the astounded gaze of J. Wilson Brent would be presented with a tableau remarkably suggestive of a springtime scene in the park. Knowing nothing about his disposition, Jane could not foretell the nature of his response to this bizarre use of his offices, but she had a feeling that whether he laughed or snorted his first impression of her as an applicant for a job would not be the one she wanted to make.

Furthermore, she was in no mood to be laughed at. This was the sixth day of her search for a niche in the world of advertising, and there were persons out in Cleveland—a jeering Uncle John in particular—who would be delighted to know that as yet she had been unable to get beyond barbed-wire clerks in outer offices.

J. Wilson Brent must be seen and conquered. Jane Carroway set her jaw and flapped an elbow. The young man sighed piteously and cuddled closer. One eye on the door, she flapped again. This time she added a good lively poke.

The head slid down her shoulder with the speed of a lump of coal down a chute. It came up then almost as fast as it went down. He opened his eyes, uncrossed them, and focused them upon Jane.

"The head," he told her politely, "begs your pardon. It is looking for a pillow. It hasn't been to bed yet."

Eyes front, all the rest of her drawn into as small a space as possible, she made no reply. He eyed her moodily.

"Soundproof," he decided. "Nothing doing today, Davy. Lady of the house isn't in."

He lapsed into silence, found a cigarette in his coat pocket, and used four matches to light it.

He said suddenly, "Taxi fellow waiting downstairs. Wants fifty dollars." He wagged his head toward the door of the president's office. "What skullduggery is my father up to in there, that he keeps us waiting like this?"

Jane felt a distinct shock, but she said nothing. He sat up.

David returned to th
sitting room. He found
his attractive creditor
playing the piano softly

A SPARKLING TALE OF A $50 TOUCH

AND WHAT IT BROUGHT TO A GIRL WHO THOUGHT A JOB WAS BETTER THAN LOVE

" Can't wait," he declared firmly. Stiffly erect, he put his hands on his knees and riveted his eyes upon a spot directly in front of him.

" How'm I doing? " he inquired, not moving a muscle. " Think he'll guess I'm a little gassed? "

" He can't miss it," breathed Jane involuntarily.

He collapsed in pained surprise. " I'm all right. Only thing is "—he puckered his brow—" can't remember much. It all started at noon yesterday, seeing Dinty Tobin off on the boat. After that—blanko." He leaned around to look up into her face hopefully. " You wouldn't know where I've been, would you? "

" Why not ask the taxi driver? "

Davy Brent shook his head. " Says he picked us up in Yonkers. Says we chartered him. Well, he waits below. Must beard the lion." He sat up again.

Jane said uneasily, " I wish you'd wait until I've seen him. I'm going to ask him for a job."

The young man regarded her with droopy-lidded wonder.

" What on earth for? "

Having heard this question asked too many times by various members of her obtuse family, Jane was a little sensitive about it.

" What does any one want a job for? " she asked coldly.

He nodded in fervent agreement. " Exactly what I've been wondering for years. Even so, in me you behold the fair-haired boy of Brent's. This," he explained earnestly, " is a little A. W. O. L. for a couple days. Most unusual lapse, I assure you. Still, all work and no—" He remembered abruptly. " That taxi fellow. Look! I won't be a minute. The old man'll snort and shoot fire out of his nostrils, but he will shake down the fifty. You'll see." He started to rise.

Jane's hand shot out and closed upon his sleeve. J. Wilson Brent must not be shooting fire from his nostrils when she appeared before him.

" Sit down," she begged.

He insisted, " But I won't be a min—"

" Sit down! *Please,*" cried Jane. " Here." She fumbled in her purse. " Here is fifty dollars. Take it—"

" Hey—wait a minute! " He stared at the money in his open palm. He shook his head and thrust it back to her. " Nope. Never borrow money from girls. Strict rule—"

" Please," pleaded Jane. " You can give it back to me later. Don't you see—if you get him all upset before I go in there, what chance have I? "

He stared at her doubtfully. " But —but—" Her eyes fixed on his anxiously held him. " Well," he said hesitantly. Then he brightened. " Tell you what. Gimme a pencil and paper. Give you an I. O. U."

Her eager fingers found one of her cards and a pencil in her purse. He scribbled laboriously and handed the card back to her. " Now listen. You take that "—he was very earnest—" to the old man and he'll pay this money back to you. Understand? Take it to the—"

" Oh, yes, *yes.* Hurry—the door's opening—"

He got to his feet and with astonishing accuracy headed for the exit.

Jane exhaled limply. A young woman carrying a notebook was coming out of the president's office. She saw Jane.

" You wished to see Mr. Brent? "

Jane nodded. The young woman asked suspiciously, " What about? "

Jane hesitated for a fleeting second. She had confided to too many of these chilly-eyed guardians of great and testy executives the nature of her business. She had learned that the barest reference to job hunting was fatal. On an inspired impulse, she extended the card. Mr. Brent's secretary did not deign to take it from her hand. She merely glanced at it and read the large scrawl: " I. O. U.—$50. David Brent."

Her lips thinned briefly. She went into the president's office and closed the door firmly behind her. After a minute she returned. She gave Jane a long look and said peculiarly, " Go right in."

So Jane Carroway went right in.

J. Wilson Brent watched her coming toward him. She looked back at him calmly, prepared for the usual pleased male response to her presence. She knew sensibly that she was rather more than pretty.

Mr. Brent gave no sign whatever that he beheld feminine charm. He indicated by a little ripple of his large bulk that the will to rise was there but the flesh was too great, and began drumming his heavy fingers on the desk.

Having arrived before him, Jane smiled and said, "How do you do, Mr. Brent? I'm Jane Carroway."

He kept on drumming. "Fifty dollars, eh, Miss Flyaway?"

"Oh"—Jane was startled—"I didn't really come for—"

"Oh, no. You just dropped in to call. Four of my son's friends have called upon me since yesterday." The drumming increased in speed and volume. "Miss Boom-de-ay," said J. Wilson Brent, "you may tell my son that he is to pay his own debts. You may remind him that for two days he has not appeared at his desk. And you may inform him that he is fired. While you are telling him you can collect the fifty, and I hope you get it."

He put a period to these remarks by jabbing his thumb into a button on his desk as if it were some one's—possibly Jane's—windpipe.

She drew herself up indignantly. "I don't think you quite realize who I am, Mr. Brent. I did not come here to be—"

"—insulted," he interposed wearily, and waved a hand in a gesture of dismissal that made his caller just something he had dropped into the wastebasket. His secretary appeared in the doorway. "Miss Morrissey, I want the correspondence on the Farrington clock business, and get me Gardner on the phone—"

Jane lingered a second longer. She put the card David Brent had signed directly under the Brent nose and went out quietly. J. Wilson Brent did not even see it. . . .

The training of Jane Carroway, carefully supervised by governesses, boarding-school teachers, worshipful parents, and a doting bachelor uncle, had never dealt in any serious way with money. Boiling mad, she had been swept along on wings of fury for several blocks before it occurred to her to consider the effect upon her immediate financial status caused by the impulsive departure of fifty dollars. It left her, she discovered with considerable shock, with exactly seventy-eight cents.

She paused on the corner of the street and thought ruefully of how this predicament would please her Uncle John. He had offered to wager anything she chose that she would have to telegraph home for money before her first week was ended and that she would be unable to find a job.

He would, if she sent a wire, crow gleefully, and there was no reason to doubt that he would immediately swoop down upon her and whirl her back to Cleveland.

She entered a drugstore, leafed through the tattered pages of a telephone book, and discovered that David Brent lived at an address listed under his own name. It was an excellent address. You couldn't, reasoned Jane calmly, live at it if you had difficulty at any time in acquiring so small a sum as fifty dollars.

Jane had a sandwich and a hot chocolate and invested the remaining forty cents in the movies, thus mercifully giving young Mr. Brent a chance to get some of the sleep he had so plainly needed.

THE noon sun of the next day found a gap in the curtains, waited for the whites of David Brent's eyes, took aim and fired. Stunned, he squeezed them shut. He yelled hoarsely, "Anderson!"

Anderson appeared at once. He was a spare grayish man with the unhappy expression of a person who had seen more than he cared to. "Pull down those shades," David told him crossly.

Anderson coughed. "As a matter of fact, Mr. David, we have been waiting for you to wake up for some time now."

"Who has?" demanded David indignantly.

Anderson cleared his throat. "Mrs. Anderson and I and the young lady. The young lady is in the sitting room."

ELIZABETH TROY

is, in private life, Mrs. John E. D. Coffey. She says that her only worth-while education was gained on newspapers and that her gradual development into a writer of short stories was brought about by her study of the short-story formula of many fiction magazines. Mothering her three children somewhat limits her time for writing.

David rose to his elbows. "What young lady in whose sitting room?"

"I couldn't quite catch the name. A Miss Holliday—or Faraway."

"Never heard of her," said David, and went down into his pillows. He flapped a hand. "Tell her to go on away. I don't want anything."

Anderson lingered. "She has been waiting for some time. In fact, she spent the night here."

Brent junior came all the way up. He stared.

"What for?"

"I don't know. She came at seven last evening, and she said she would see you if she had to wait all night, and—she did. Mrs. Anderson was much surprised this morning to find her asleep on the sofa. She said she had fallen asleep there around midnight. She has had bath and breakfast and—she is still waiting."

David breathed, "Bring me coffee."

HE leaped from his bed to his bathroom and stood under icy water. He took two fizzing alkalines. He drank four cups of coffee. None of these advertised brain rousers did anything but increase his heartbeats. They told him his sacred code was now broken. A girl was in his apartment. And girls were never, never allowed in the David Brent bachelor apartment.

Fully dressed, he stood before his mirror, stared at his wan face, and besought the frontal lobes of his brain to tell him what ground he had covered since the beginning of the Dinty Tobin farewell party. But the little cells merely slept. They were cotton wool soaked in yesterday's alcohol.

He shivered. The suspicion he had been avoiding was gaining strength. As clearly as if his father's voice resounded in his ears at this very moment he heard it now: "There's always the chance that you will wake up some morning and find yourself married to some one you never saw before. There are cases in the papers every day."

Shaking inwardly, he at last dared to make his way to his sitting room. He peered in, gasped, and jumped back.

But the girl standing by the window had heard him. She turned. She was smiling.

"Oh, there you are. I was afraid you had died," she said cheerfully.

He came all the way into the room then, and supported himself by clutching at the back of a chair. He grinned in a sickly way.

"Guh—good morning," he said.

She sat down on the piano bench. "Good morning. How's the amnesia? Remembering anything this morning?"

He became paler. "I know I've met you—seen you somewhere—a little hazy on a few points—" His voice gave out.

She observed his misery with bright interest.

"I came to get fifty dollars," she said.

"Huh?"

She rubbed the fingers of one hand into the palm—an immemorial gesture. She grinned. "You know. Money. Evil root. Fifty dollars."

He gaped. "Is that all you want?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Isn't it enough?"

"Oh—oh, sure." But he didn't think so. He thought it a very low price indeed to pay for removing a probable bride from his apartment. He said, "if you'll wait just a minute—"

"I waited all night. I have come to feel"—a gleam of malice shone in the lively brown eyes—"practically permanent."

He gulped hastily. "I won't be a jiffy."

He went into his bedroom and closed the door. He picked up his telephone. His best friend was out of town. He called another. And another. Four reported no funds. Two others appeared to be smarting from interviews with J. Wilson Brent as of yesterday.

David sat back and scratched his ear. He rose finally and returned to the sitting room. He found his attractive

creditor playing the piano softly. She stopped and looked up at him.

"Something tells me," she said, "that you couldn't get your dime bank open."

He leaned on the piano and regarded her thoughtfully.

"If you don't mind—I don't want to seem inhospitable or anything—but I'm about to go down and see my father about this, and if I can drop you anywhere—"

"I wouldn't if I were you," she said.

He stared. "Wh-what do you mean?"

She folded her hands in her lap. "I think you'd better have a blow-by-blow account of the whole affair. Sit down."

He sat down beside her on the piano bench. She took the cigarette he offered her.

"IT began in your father's office yesterday morning. I was there. You were there. That is, physically you were there. Actually, your whereabouts were unknown. And you had come to get fifty dollars to pay a—"

"Wait." He looked at her intently, the touches of bronze tipping her lashes, the curve of her cheek, the shape of her mouth—the streamlined effect of the whole smooth job. You didn't, not even when you were in liquor, forget a girl like this. Lights shone faintly up through the fog. "We sat on a—a bench—"

He stopped. Their eyes met and they both became faintly pinker. He grinned. Relief swept up over him in a warm happy wave. He said, "I've just had the fright of my life. But it's over now. I mistook you for—some one else."

"A family failing," she commented. It occurred to David that there was a good deal of red in her hair. "Your father mistook me for one of your friends. He was very rude."

He flushed. "And wouldn't pay the fifty?"

She shook her head.

"But—but you got the job?"

"He didn't even wait to find out that I wanted one. But he did give me a message for you."

"One of those bed-and-board notices, I bet," ventured David fearfully.

She nodded. "Not responsible for your debts." She was sorry. "And—you're fired."

He said "Ouch!" Then he rose and looked down at her dubiously.

"About that fifty—I hate to ask you to wait—I hope it wasn't all you had."

"My last sou," Jane said.

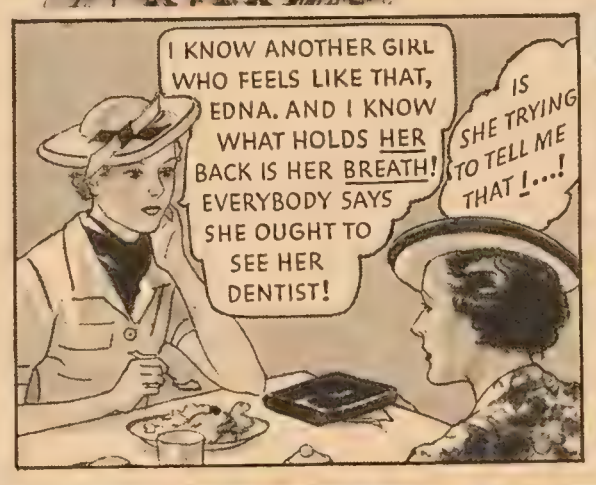
He took a turn or two up and down the rug. He was having a horrible vision of her haunting soup kitchens and sleeping on park benches.

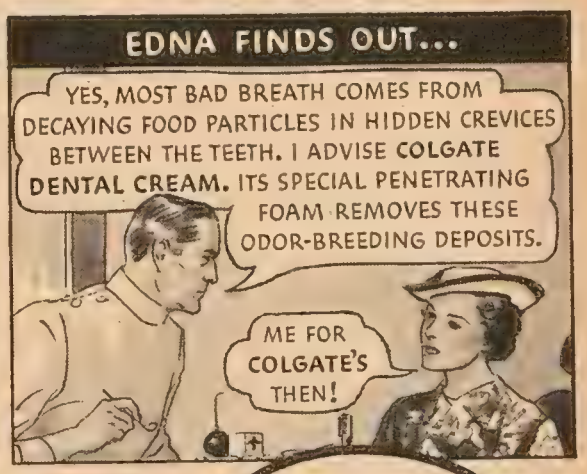
Jane offered, "How about the watch and chain?"

"It's already in. Fraternity pin, too. And some studs. Little shortage last month."

"No old gold?" She was rather enjoying herself.

"WOMEN NEVER GET A BREAK! LOOK AT ME!"


I KNOW ANOTHER GIRL WHO FEELS LIKE THAT, EDNA. AND I KNOW WHAT HOLDS HER BACK IS HER BREATH! EVERYBODY SAYS SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
IS SHE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT!...!


EDNA FINDS OUT...
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
ME FOR COLGATE'S THEN!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

Now—NO BAD BREATH *behind her* SPARKLING SMILE!

"Not so much as a tooth." He stopped pacing and looked at her anxiously. "You've got some family or something, haven't you?"

"Plenty," Jane said with irony. "That's why I'm in New York."

He said, "I can understand the urge to make monkeys out of the old folks. I get bitten with it myself sometimes. But in an emergency—"

"Never! The next train out of Cleveland would be loaded with jeering Carroways."

His eyes widened. He sat down. "Jeering—*whos?*"

"The name is Carroway. As in rye bread. First name, Jane. We make automobiles."

David whistled. "Did my father know who you were when you called upon him yesterday?"

"Your father," Jane said, "called me names. He wouldn't listen to the right one."

David said, "And he fires *me* because for the first time in my career, by sheer accident, I went on a bender. Whereas *he* insults a probable prospect's beautiful daughter— This," concluded David, "is rather good. If he'd hired you he'd have had an opening wedge to Carroway Motors. I don't suppose"—he grinned—"you feel awfully wedgish now, do you?"

"Not awfully. I *would* like to have got the job."

DAVID ventured, "I suppose they were trying to marry you off to somebody. Royalty—or is it wedding two old family fortunes?"

"It's just that they think a girl's only destination is a man." She rose restively and walked to the window. "So I studied advertising—and they laughed and laughed."

"My father," David said, "has that brand of humor, too. *He* laughed when I made a survey of the Carroway Motors situation last winter. I had a hunch that old—that Carroway might discover that a Carroway just couldn't go on selling itself forever."

Jane whirled from the window.

"Did you? Where is it? The survey, I mean."

He said, puzzled, "Why—here. In my desk."

She sat down in front of him. Her eyes were excited. "Listen. My Uncle John made a bet that I would run out of money and wouldn't have a job at the end of a week. This is the sixth day."

David said, "It's my fault, of course."

"Of course it is. That's why *you'll* have to give me a job."

"I haven't even got a job of my own."

Jane smiled. She wagged her head up and down. "That's what *you* think. What you're going to be is—in fact you practically are right now—your own agency."

He said, still not comprehending, "I don't think I see—"

She wasn't listening.

"David Brent, Incorporated. How does it sound?"

"Swell. But—"

"Stop butting. Get the survey. We start right in now with our first prospect—Carroway Motors."

He jumped. His eyes suddenly answered the gleam in hers.

"I suppose you," he said carefully, "are the apple of old John's eye?"

"And the mote and the beam," Jane said grimly.

"And so," put in David shrewdly, "you are pull and drag for the firm."

"You're darned right. And I can write copy, and I know all of the client's weaknesses and idiosyncrasies."

They stood looking at each other tensely for a second. Then David yelled, "Anderson—give me a hand with my desk! I'm bringing it in here—here, you idiot. This is the *office*. And if any one telephones, tell 'em I'm not in. Miss Carroway, if you will clear that library table, you may have it for your desk. Can you play a typewriter? . . . Wonderful! . . . Let's go."

. . . . . .

The girl at the reception desk in the offices of the J. Wilson Brent Advertising Agency goggled reverently at the large agitated gentleman who said he was Mr. John Carroway. She bobbed her head up and down and darted into the president's office and darted right out again, Miss Morrissey palpitating in her wake.

"Come right in, Mr. Carroway," Miss Morrissey fluttered. So Mr. John Carroway, even as his niece had done yesterday, went right in.

Mr. J. Wilson Brent was on his feet. He was beaming. His hand was extended. His cigar box was open. Gone from his eyes was the myopia that had blinded him yesterday to the charms of callers.

"Mr. Carroway, this is a pleasure."

John Carroway shook the hand absently, ignored the cigar, and sank heavily into the visitors' chair.

"It is not a great pleasure to me," he said moodily. "I am here on a very disturbing errand."

Mr. Brent opened his mouth to make some soothing rejoinder; but Mr. Carroway, staring through him, interrupted:

"Mr. Brent, I am looking for my niece. Has she been here?"

J. Wilson Brent pursed his lips. He shook his head. "Why, no. No, Mr. Carroway. But if there is anything I can do—"

John Carroway's plump face sagged unhappily.

"I—I don't know. I—I am at my wit's end. I came to New York today on business. Naturally, I called at my niece's hotel." He had a vaguely sheepish air, knowing perfectly well that he had promised Jane he would not come tracking her down before the week was up. "I was told she was not there." He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "She had not been there since yesterday morning, Mr. Brent."

J. Wilson Brent moved his large bulk cautiously.

"But she has friends here, possibly. Couldn't she have spent the night with one of them?"

"I called every one of her New York acquaintances. She had not been seen by any of them for several days. I—I admit, Mr. Brent, I am fearful of—of foul play."

"My dear sir—my dear *sir*," said Mr. Brent, shocked. "I feel confident there is nothing like that. Young people are very erratic. She is sure to turn up."

"Erratic!" exploded Mr. Carroway. "Jane is not only erratic—she is a spoiled, willful child. She should never have been permitted to leave home. Determined"—he snorted—"to go to work. Absurd. Unnecessary. In my days girls—" He sighed.

Mr. Brent nodded. "Children," he said, "are very difficult in this generation. My own son is—a problem." He became grim. "He thinks he knows my business better than I do myself. And he is—unstable."

Mr. Carroway was not interested in Mr. Brent's son's defections. He was pawing in his coat pocket. He brought forth a small red memorandum book.

"I persuaded the hotel manager to let me into my niece's room, and I found this on her bed table. It lists, as you see, a number of advertising agencies and their addresses. I concluded that she had called upon them in search of—hum, ridiculous!—employment. That's how I happened to come here."

Mr. Brent said fervently, "I'm sure any one of them would have been glad to have her." He looked at the little book curiously. Then suddenly a cold inner sweat broke out. He breathed, "It couldn't be—" He jabbed the button on his desk.

"MISS MORRISSEY, a young lady called here yesterday—left a card—"

"Just a minute." Miss Morrissey went to her desk in another corner of the room. Mr. Brent drummed his fingers. She came back with the card and laid it on the desk and went away with the haste of one who, having touched the fuse, must run from the explosion.

J. Wilson Brent's eyes bulged at the card.

"Mr. Carroway, I—I don't quite understand—I have no idea—I didn't know—"

"Let me see that!"

John Carroway adjusted his pince-nez with shaking fingers. He read the card on both sides.

"This is my niece's card," he declared sternly. "What does this mean—this notation on the other side of it? What connection has my niece with your son, that she should have loaned him fifty dollars?"

J. Wilson Brent. The visions of sugarplums that had danced in his head when Mr. John Carroway's solid bulk

had filled the doorway vanished. He felt that he was only a few fragments of the man he had been a few minutes ago. And behind it all was in some sinister way his son. He stiffened. His jaw set. His eyes hardened.

"I don't know, Mr. Carroway," he said; "but I will find out." He put out a thick hand and seized the telephone. The dial spun madly.

"Anderson? . . . Is my son there? . . . Well, where is he? . . . Anderson, listen to me. I must see him—"

"Give *me* that telephone." John Carroway's agitation could contain itself no longer. He quivered in every nerve. He seized the telephone from J. Wilson Brent's hands. "This is John Carroway speaking. . . . Carroway—yes. I am looking for my niece, Miss Carroway. Has she called there — been there? . . . What? . . . What's that?" . . .

The telephone dropped drunkenly to its cradle. John Carroway's glassy stare fixed itself upon the startled features of J. Wilson Brent.

"My niece spent the night in your son's apartment. And she is—*still there.*"

J. Wilson Brent shot to his feet.

"There must be some explanation. I'm sure David—" He shut his lips until they became as neat a seam as ever hemmed a face. He breathed hard, his nostrils waving. "We will go immediately to my son's apartment," he said.

THE David Brent Agency was like a beehive. For three hours it had buzzed in a fervor of activity that would have gladdened the heart of the gloomiest of depression economists. A girl whose reddish hair bounced in disorderly curls all over her head, and whose nose carried a brave streak of ink, was beating the daylights out of a typewriter. A tall young man with rumpled sorrel-brown hair gesticulated with a ham sandwich, mouthfuls of which hampered his speech but were powerless to check his fluent inspiration.

He came to a period and walked over to the typist's maddened desk.

"You twirl a mean ribbon, Miss Carroway," he remarked admiringly, picking up a typed sheet. "How are you on charts?"

"Elegant. I make them look like etchings."

"Fine! We—"

Anderson appeared in the doorway. "Mr. David, your father."

"Tell him," David said, waving an executive's impatient hand, "I am in conference. I told you not to interrupt—"

"But he says—"

"Later, Anderson. Tell him to make an appointment. Go *away*, Anderson."

Anderson, wearing the expression of a person who would wring his hands if he let himself go, vanished.

"Now then," resumed the head of David Brent, Inc., "where were we? Oh, yes. Charts. We must become chart-minded. Run in a new sheet and give it this top line in caps: Factors

Symphony in Sharp Steel

By George Gershwin

Composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," "Of Thee I Sing" and many others

THERE IS INSPIRATION for the composer in every facet of American life today. To sense the color and rhythm of a great modern factory I visited the Gillette Company's plant in Boston recently.

It was a thrilling experience. As I was taken through one department after another, the machines, each a triumph of ingenuity and skill, reminded me of the flawless instruments of a great symphonic orchestra, all working in unison to give a finished performance. Behind each of these machines stood a skilled technician who guided his instrument in this symphony of steel, without a discordant note. No imperfection is tolerated here.

And for whom is this remarkable performance given? For a greater audience than any symphonic conductor has ever gathered in concert hall — millions of Gillette Blade users the world over!

In my own profession I know that since hirsute adornment ceased to be the trademark of the musician, increasing numbers have turned to the Gillette Blade for comfort and speed in shaving. But it took a visit to this great factory for me to realize the care and thought that go into making that keener, smoother blade—the real reason for its incomparable service. They are—these blades—the product of the Gillette Symphony in steel . . . a symphony in shaving comfort.

When men like George Gershwin, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, Floyd Gibbons, Frank Buck and others sing the praises of the Gillette Blade, isn't it worth a trial? If you have never shaved with this blade, you'll be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles . . . how gently it skims over the tender spots without pull or irritation.

This is because Gillette Blades are especially processed for shaving tender faces. Ground, honed and stropped in one continuous operation, the resulting shaving edges are so keen that 60,000 of them would fit on the surface of one thin dime! Think of this for sharpness! And think what it means in shaving comfort! Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one in your razor tomorrow morning and see why millions of men will use no other blade.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

that Affect Sales Volume and Profits. Relative Importance of Seventeen Positive Situations—"

"Don't talk so fast."

"I can't talk fast enough! Time is short. Here—give me your nose a minute." He unfolded a handkerchief and wiped away the smudge. "Girls in offices are always neatly groomed and dressed. One of the rules."

"My hair is a mess—"

"Your hair," David said, "is as hair should be. So is your mouth," he added, looking at it imaginatively. "I am wondering, in fact, if the decorative note in offices hasn't been neglected as a possible factor in—"

"What," demanded Jane coldly, "are the seventeen positive—or were they negative?—factors that affect the sale of automobiles?"

"You'd be surprised," David said. "Let me see." He consulted some scrawls on a scratch pad. "We will begin with performance. Next—dollar value. Or—no—appearance. That's it! Appearance. Have you got it?"

Jane's mouth quivered a little. "Some say so," she remarked, typing furiously.

"Fresh," said David sternly.

"It was your own idea," she said meekly.

He waved a forgiving hand. "Let it pass. The next factor is, I think, dependability. Is a Carroway dependable?"

"Is a Brent?"

He flushed. "Dinty Tobin's farewell ended all that," he said stiffly.

"And you have reformed?"

"I never came unreformed," he declared haughtily. "These personalities are seriously interrupting our—"

The doorbell rang. He frowned. "Now what festive spirit is that at this unseemly hour? Anderson—"

"Yes, sir." Anderson paused on his march to the door.

"If that turns out to be people wanting cocktails, tell 'em we have no liquor. . . . Now, then. The next factor—good will—"

He paused, frowning. There were voices in the hall. Then his eyes went swiftly to Jane. She was suddenly pale.

"My Uncle John!"

"My father. What the—"

But the combined tonnage of Mr. John Carroway and Mr. J. Wilson Brent loomed up before him. It heaved. Its faces were red and its chests were swollen with unreleased tempests.

Mr. Carroway steamed to his niece's side.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here?"

Mr. Brent almost drowned him out with, "David, what do you mean by bringing this girl to your apartment?"

David grinned. "I didn't. She just came and wouldn't leave. Anyway, she's not a girl. She's a creditor. The kind that sticks."

His father became more mottled than ever. He jerked his wallet from his pocket and extracted some money from it.

"Miss Carroway, I want to apologize—"

JANE smiled sweetly and ignored the money. "Oh, that's all right. It's paid. That is, I just put it back into the firm."

"Firm!" repeated J. W. Brent, frowning. "What firm?"

"Our firm," Jane declared proudly. "The David Brent Advertising Agency. I'm vice-president. It's a going con—"

"Jane," snorted Uncle John, unable to contain himself any longer, "go get your hat. This fellow ought to be—"

"Horsewhipped," put in Jane cheerfully. "Save it for later, darling. We're terribly busy just now." She had a sudden electrifying thought. "David, the mountain has come to Mahomet. Let's start selling him."

David nodded gravely. He cleared his throat.

"Mr. Carroway, it's high time you saw that the Carroway can't sell itself forever. We are entering a new era—a period of far more productive business life. The depression has undermined personal conceit and—"

John Carroway was making horrible sounds in his throat. He found his voice:

"Be quiet! This is no time for comedy. Jane, *get your hat—!*"

She shook her head. "Office isn't closed yet. Have to wait for the whistle to blow. If you'd care to sit down and wait?"

Amazingly, he sat, but only because his legs would no longer support him. Jane laughed. She went over and sat beside him and took his arm cozily.

"You know perfectly well that this protection-of-my-womanhood business is darned silly, don't you?" she asked him calmly.

"I—I—the looks of it!"

"Bunk! Don't you trust me?" She threw a sob into her voice startlingly. He jumped.

"Trust you? Why—why, naturally I—"

"Then that's that. All the same, I'm going to blackmail you." The sob was gone.

Uncle John blinked. "Just what are you driving at, Jane?"

"You, my darling. You came to New York to look over the matter of advertising, didn't you? Or"—she eyed him suspiciously—"did you come maybe to see what I was up to?"

He looked guilty. "Well—"

"Never mind. I know you. But you knew I was going to make the round of the agencies, didn't you? And you'd certainly, when you got really serious about advertising, have favored the agency that hired your favorite niece a little more than any other one, wouldn't you?"

J. Wilson Brent winced. He met David's eye and reddened.

John Carroway frowned upon his niece.

"I doubt very much that anything personal would influence Carroway Motors in a matter of business."

"There's nothing in anything that can't be influenced by something personal."

Mr. Carroway wriggled. "You are wasting my time—"

"I'm selling you," Jane said calmly. "Sit still. I've got a job in an agency." She paused expectantly.

BOTH men leaned a little forward. J. Wilson Brent had a queer greenish expression around his nostrils.

"Wh-whose?" he asked feebly.

Jane smiled at him kindly. "We've been telling you for the last ten minutes. Ours. We," she concluded, with a proud glance at David, "are the best darned advertising agency in New York. Carroway Motors is our first campaign."

Uncle John jumped. "Is that so?" he sputtered. "*Is* that so? You expect us to hand over to a couple of amateurs—"

"Or else," said Jane in a deadly voice. He gave her a frightened stare. She nodded. "Or else I'll keep right on being compromised. In other words, I stay right here."

"Jane isn't really asking you to commit yourself," put in David quickly. "The point is, we *are* putting together some pretty sound stuff for Carroway Motors. We'd like very much if you'd just—just look it over when it's in shape, sir."

"And if I do—" Uncle John was looking at Jane.

"If you do"—Jane hugged her uncle's arm—"I'll go back to the hotel like a good girl—"

"But you won't go home with me?"

"And leave my business?"

He sighed. "You ought to be spanked. But I know when I'm licked." He frowned then, his eyes going to the littered desks. "I hope you don't intend to continue using this—uh—this apartment for your offices."

Mr. Brent cleared his throat. "I—I think there is space in my offices—"

"For both of us?" queried Jane. He nodded.

David grinned. "He'll absorb us before we know it. Shall we let him?"

"He doesn't deserve it, but—all right!"

David jingled some silver in his pocket.

"Jane and I," he said, "were planning to do a little dining and dancing after our hard day's work. How's

for a little advance on the probable commission, pop?"

J. Wilson Brent reached for his wallet. . . .

In the hall, John Carroway said, as he shrugged into his topcoat, "In my day girls were brought up not for business but for marriage."

J. W. Brent, glancing over the other man's shoulder, could see at the desk in the sitting room two heads very close together. The owner of the sorrel-brown one put up a hand to the other one and tucked a curl back over the ear. There was something in his face when he did it—and something in hers.

Mr. Brent remarked thoughtfully, "Girls don't change much. Not fundamentally."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Once known as the world's best-dressed woman, she first married when a grand old lady. She deserted the stage in 1905 to become interior decorator No. 1 (female). In the early photo at the left is Lady C. M.; by what name is she better known?

2—Where did Epsom salts originate?

3—Who is Miki Kuchi, Michel Souris, Miguel Ratoncito?

4—What are worse than Jersey mosquitoes?

5—The circumference of any circle is about 3 1/7 times its what?

6—How many Eskimos are there?

7—What fish dwells in inland waters, breathes on land, and dies in salt-water depths?

8—Button, lunge, and tierce refer to which of the sports?

9—Where are linen shorts for men mentioned in the Bible?

10—The Mexican army is reputed to have one what to every 123 soldiers?

11—Which Presidential candidate from Kansas said: "The election of Landon would be a major tragedy"?

12—Which is the most dangerous age for diphtheria?

13—Ninety per cent of the clothing in the world is said to be made of what?

14—Who is married to Florence Eldridge, actress?

15—Which metals or metallic compounds are spelled correctly: nickle, argyrol, alluminum, alodium, bismuth?

16—Who is the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange?

17—What is the building over a coal-mine shaft called?

18—Seventy per cent of hay fever in the United States is caused by what?

19—Who, forty years ago, marched an unemployed "army" from Ohio to Washington, D. C.?

20—The Big Stick was swung by who?

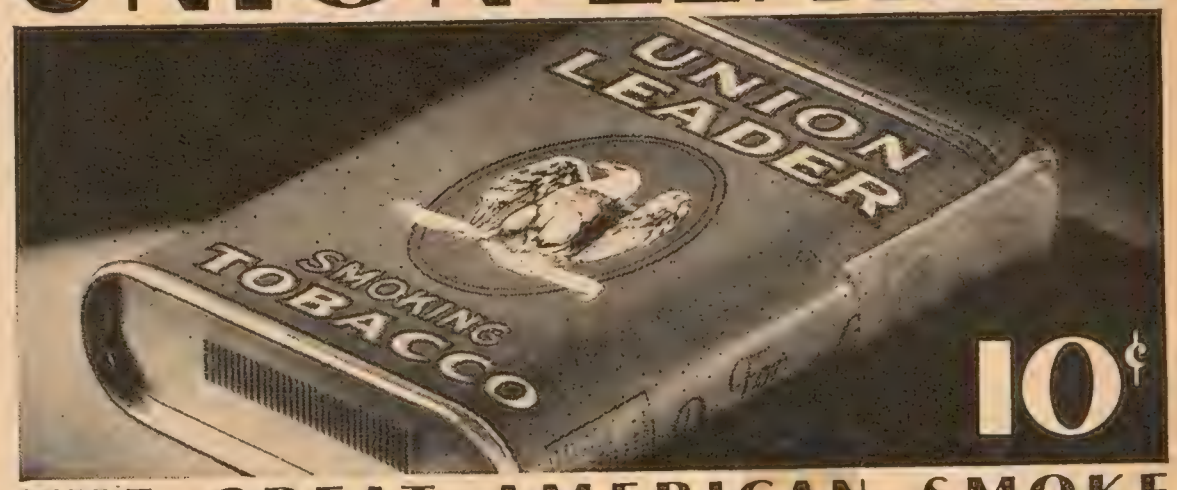
(Answers will be found on page 38)

DENYS WORTMAN, Union Leader smoker; famous creator of "MOPEY DICK and THE DUKE"

Yes, that's the way all Union Leader smokers feel, Mr. Wortman. They cast their dime on the counter and boy, oh boy, what a haul they get . . . mild, *old* Kentucky Burley tobacco, fresh, fragrant and flavorful. Union Leader has the mellowness that expert aging alone can give to fine tobacco . . . the smooth blending that has made P. Lorillard tobacco products famous for 175 years. That big, red tin is surely packed with plenty of pleasure and it's all yours for just a dime! (It's tops for cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

BATTLING

A Backward Look, with a Wistful Sigh, at the Mad, Glad Pre-War Diamond Days When Stormy Petrels Ruled the Game

by

JOHNNY EVERS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE AUTHOR

BOTH baseball and the mental attitude of the players and fans toward the game have undergone a great change since the bristling embattled years that stretched from 1901 through 1913, and if you can find me one old-timer who thinks that the change has been for the better I'll endeavor to have him shot.

Frank Chance, John McGraw, and Fred Clarke, the stormy petrels who ruled the baseball roost through those thirteen furious years, knew only one kind of baseball—the fighting feudal game in which all friendship ceased. In later years Chance was lured out of retirement and brought back to the game to manage the New York Yankees—and the man who had been known as the "peerless leader" with the old fighting Cubs failed because a new type of ballplayer, a handshaking friendly fellow he couldn't understand and had no use for, had come into the game.

Fred Clarke was brought back to act as chief playing adviser to the Pittsburgh Pirates—and after a few months of hopeless effort to inject the old fighting spirit into the new players who had replaced a team that had always fought to the last ditch, Clarke retired in disgust to his Kansas farm with the remark that "These handshaking ballplayers give me a pain in the neck."

McGraw resigned as manager of the Giants and turned the job over to Bill Terry with the statement that "It isn't my kind of baseball any more."

The inflammable spirit and intensity of purpose these men put into their game have become dead ashes of a fire that has burned out.

That memorable play-off game at the Polo Grounds on October 8, 1908, was a good example.

McGraw, in his series of articles in Liberty some time ago, told the story of this boisterous battling ball game that set a great city aflame—a ball game that caused the death of two spectators who fell to the street below when in the ensuing excitement they were pushed from the overflow crowd that swarmed over the elevated railroad structure outside the grounds; a ball game that saw Frank Chance and Joe McGinnity engaging in a fist fight at the home plate; a game in which Chance had a cartilage in his neck ruptured from being hit by a pop bottle; a game in which in their blazing wrath the inflammable crowd tore a ball park to pieces and threw the splinters in the face of the visiting team. In his Liberty articles McGraw paid tribute to the courage and gameness of Chance's Chicago Cubs—and no team has ever more richly deserved that tribute.

But McGraw, in giving the details of play in that historic contest, overlooked one important item—probably because he wasn't aware that it was a prearranged play and considered it just one of the breaks of the game. This was a play—variations of which we had practiced all season and that we worked on the Giants in the very first inning—that, in my opinion, was the turning point of this memorable game.

Jack Pfeister, who started the game for us because of his well known effectiveness against the Giants, was plainly affected by the wild and clamoring mob, and before he could settle down he hit Fred Tenney, first Giant batter, with a pitched ball and then walked Herzog to open the last half of the first inning. Roger Bresnahan came to bat with the obvious intention of bunting to advance the runners. Johnny Kling signaled for a pitch wide and high. Chance left first base as if to dash in to field an expected bunt, then whirled quickly back to the bag and took Kling's quick snap throw, tagging out Herzog, who had run up the line toward second, eight feet from the base.

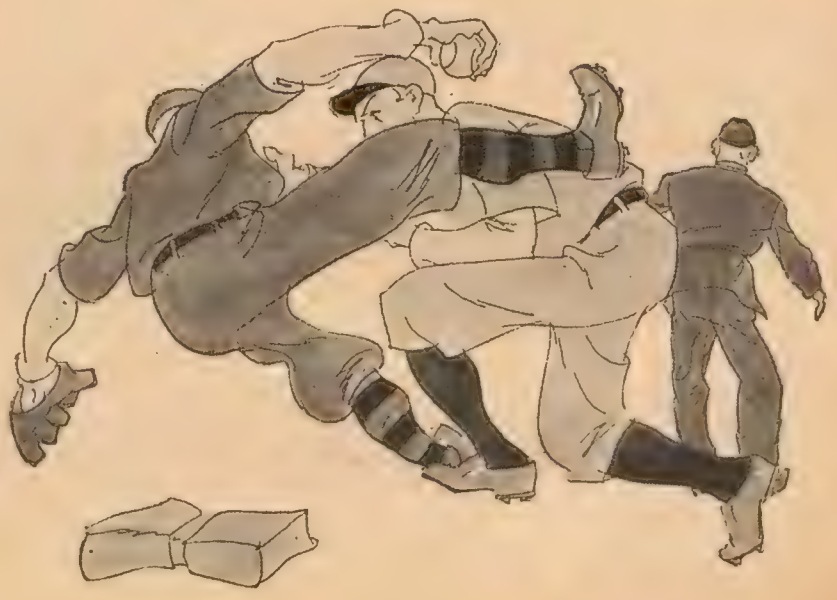
As Mike Donlin followed this play with a two-base hit that scored Tenney, and as we won the game only by a 4-to-2 margin, you can see how important it was.

Yet that historic play-off game at the Polo Grounds never would have been played and the Cubs would have won the pennant within the regular scheduled season had it not been for an unwitting remark made by a Chicago sports writer to Roger Bresnahan. The subject of having only one umpire assigned to work in these games came up for discussion, the writer claiming that it was impossible for one umpire to see everything that happens in a ball game.

"Why," he said to Bresnahan, "if the umpire is behind the plate, with a runner on first, and the batter bunts, the ump always runs out on to the diamond to see the play at either first or second; and if the catcher was smart he could easily trip the batter while the umpire's back is turned and get away with it."

In the game the next day we had a runner on first when the batter bunted to the pitcher. As the umpire took off his mask and stepped around the batter to watch the play, Bresnahan stuck out his foot and tripped the batter as he started for first. The pitcher fielded the bunt to second, forcing out the runner who had been on first, and the batter, due to his having been tripped and thrown off his feet by Bresnahan, was easily doubled up at first. Everybody in the ball park but the umpire saw the interference, and we howled ourselves hoarse at that official—but the play stood as made.

As the next batter came through with a three-base hit



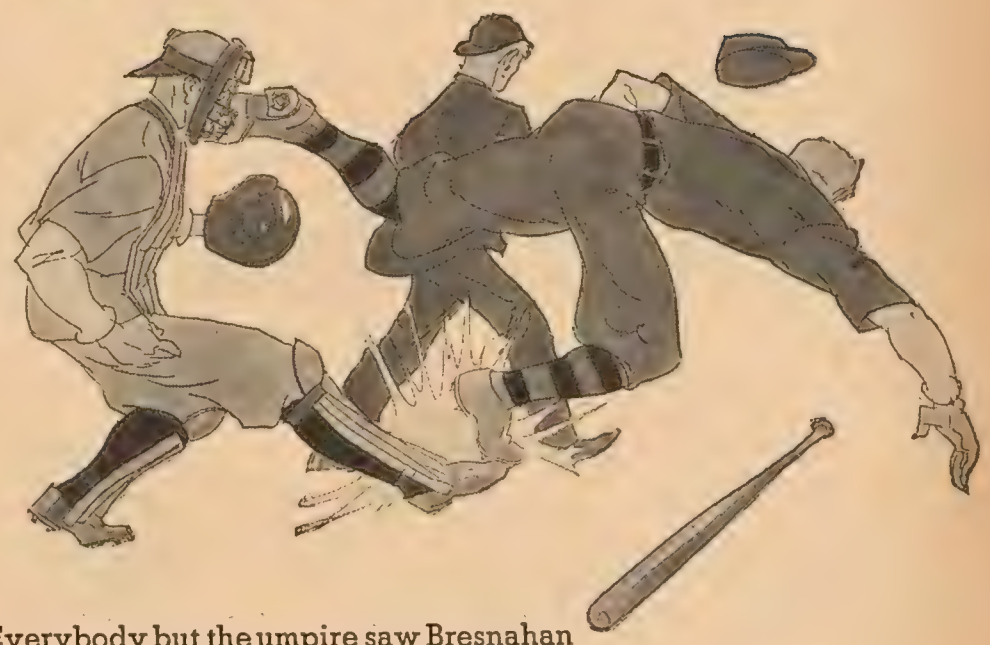
Gilbert helped it with a push that sent me sprawling.

that would have scored the runner from first, and we lost the game by a one-run margin, you can credit that Chicago sports writer with putting that dramatic play-off game into the Polo Grounds that year and turning New York upside down.

There was another time that year when the practice of having only one umpire robbed us of a game that would have given us the pennant in the regular season, and I lost the credit for a clever play.

We were playing St. Louis, and they had runners on first and third with one out and the score tied in the ninth inning. A player named Hoelskoetter was the runner on third, with Billy Gilbert on first. Art Fromme, the St. Louis pitcher, hit a sharp bounder straight at me. I scooped up the ball on the first hop and made a motion as though to throw to the plate. Hoelskoetter turned and scooted back to third.

Realizing instantly the possibility of a double play that would end the inning, I leaped suddenly backward, touched Gilbert as he was racing from first to second, then turned to complete an easy double play at first base.



Everybody but the umpire saw Bresnahan trip the batter as he started for first.

As I wheeled to throw, Gilbert stuck out his foot and tripped me, helping it with a push that sent me sprawling in the dust. Still clutching the ball, I rolled and crawled and then dived into the first-base bag and put my hand on it before the slow-running Fromme got there.

Hoelskoetter, seeing the mix-up, dashed for the plate. Imagine our surprise when we saw Umpire Hank O'Day with his back turned to the infield, intently watching the plate, expecting the play to be made there. He hadn't seen me touch Gilbert, nor had he seen Gilbert tripping me. But when the play to the plate was delayed, he whirled around in time to see me diving into first base ahead of Fromme. He called Fromme out, but Gilbert was called safe and the winning run was allowed to score when I had actually completed a double play that retired the side without a score.

THE tenseness with which the managers of those furious fighting days concentrated on the game is unmatched in baseball today. I recall a rather amusing instance of this following a game in which the Giants beat us by one run when we had the tying run on third base and the winning run on second as the game ended. Frank Chance was inconsolable.

After the game I rode in from the grounds in a car with Chance and his wife, who vainly tried to console him.

"Never mind, Husk," she said; "you've still got me."

"Hell!" growled Chance. "I'd have traded you for a base hit in that ninth inning!"

And I honestly believe he'd have done it.

The players in those battling days, even the pitchers, prepared themselves for every emergency that might turn up in a ball game. Mordecai Brown, for instance, devoted many arduous hours to perfecting himself at fielding bunts. He cashed in on this in an important crisis during the fourth game of the World Series, played in Detroit on October 13, 1908. We had won the first two games, and Detroit had won the third game.

Brown was pitching for us. We scored two runs in the third inning and appeared to be winning easily, until Charlie O'Leary and Sam Crawford opened the fourth inning with line singles that put runners on first and second, with nobody out and Ty Cobb at bat. It is hard to imagine a more difficult situation than that.

O'Leary was a fast man. Cobb was the fastest thing on two feet and, besides being the greatest hitter baseball has ever known, was a natural bunter who could beat out anything that rolled six feet away from the plate. We knew that Cobb intended to bunt and that failure to retire him or one of the other runners would probably mean victory for Detroit, with Rossman, another good hitter, coming up next. Brown, cool as an icicle, walked over and spoke to Steinfeldt at third base.

"No matter where he hits the ball, Steiny, you anchor to that third-base bag," he told Steinfeldt.

Kling signaled for a fast ball on Cobb, a difficult ball to bunt. Brown shook his head and signaled Kling his intention to pitch a curve low and on the outside corner—the very kind of pitch Cobb would have asked for to bunt down the third-base line. Few pitchers would have had the audacity to do that to Ty Cobb. Brown pitched perfectly and Cobb bunted perfectly—toward third base and about five feet inside the foul line.

As Brown pitched he leaped forward and over to the third-base line, and was on top of the ball when Cobb bunted. He scooped it up and, without looking, whirled and shot it straight into Steinfeldt's hands, and O'Leary was forced out at third on a seemingly impossible play. Still there were two on and only one out—but that fighting infield machine of ours wasn't through yet.

Kling then signaled for a pitchout on Rossman. Brown pitched quickly. Like a flash, Kling hurled the ball toward second base. Tinker, having caught the pitchout signal, dashed in and met the ball at top speed and tagged Crawford out three feet from the bag.

Cobb, on first base, was wild at the way things had turned out. We knew he'd try to steal second to get in scoring position. Brown then made a quick pitch, wide of the plate to give Kling a good chance to throw. I took Kling's hurried throw with one hand and tagged Cobb for the third out.

We won the game 3 to 0, and then Overall beat Bill Donovan 2 to 0 the following day, giving us the series, four games to one—and that one sparkling half-inning of defensive work in the fourth game was the turning point.

The old game has lost that fine edge of finesse in defensive strategy since it adopted the rabbit ball and went on a home-run debauch that minimizes the value of runs scored singly. Players don't have to think as they used to. And, not having to think as they used to, they don't fight as they used to because their mind isn't so wrapped up in the game—and you can't tell me this is an improvement.

I'd like to take the old Cubs, or McGraw's old Giants, or Fred Clarke's Pirates, and play a World Series or a season schedule against any of your modern ball clubs—and I'd like to have some sucker make me a bet that I wouldn't beat them.

What? They'd outhit us? Don't kid me, mister—we'd outthink and *outfight* 'em.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HIS pet song, says Benjamin Edward Fields, is Thanks a Million. While he was singing it into the microphone one time a murderous-looking individual stepped up and handed him a summons haling him to court for a small debt. Benny took the paper, saw what it was. He had to keep right on singing *Thanks a Million!*

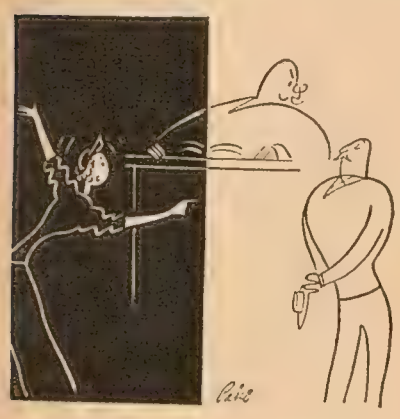
BENNY FIELDS

That happened during the first desperate days of his comeback to popularity and pay. After years of stardom on the circuits, Benny Fields had gone broke, flat broke, when vaudeville business struck out. He stayed broke long enough to learn by heart the lessons of poverty—the indifference of fair-weather friends, the devotion of real ones. Then radio tuned in on his life, and Benny became a star again. Now he is one of our high-bracket radio songsters.

I asked him how it feels to be back in the money.

"It feels like this," he said: "Last week somebody tried to sell me a fancy custom-built car for eight thousand dollars. Told me it would help promote me. I said, 'How many wheels has it got?' He said, 'Four.' I said, 'No sale. My own little car has four wheels, and it didn't cost anything like eight thousand dollars.'"

Mrs. Fields is the former Blossom Seeley. On the stage she introduced that favorite number, The Japanese Sandman. Benny's hobby is painting pictures. He always sings while he paints. I asked him if he ever had painted a picture of a cow. "Give me a song about a cow," he said, "and I'll paint you a picture of one."



● Jittery people get on the nerves of normal people. We all know that from experience. But it also can work out the other way.

I know a nervous lady who married a man with no nerves at all. There are times when she would like to scream, throw a fit, kick over the traces. She never has done so because she always has felt obliged to live up to her husband's standard of self-control. Never has her husband thought it necessary to sympathize with her tantrums.

She is divorcing him now—for no reason that he can understand. He remains as cool, as calm, as unemotional as a cucumber. There wouldn't be any divorce if he got good and mad and *humanly nervous* for once.

● Letters and newspaper clippings from the Pacific coast inform me that four-year-old Bobbie Gene Ryan of Seattle, Washington, plays quite a grown-up game of bridge already, and knows how to keep score, too. As a bridge baby, he's three years ahead of Ely Culbertson's youngest, who plays at the age of seven. Bobbie is said to have shown signs of understanding the cards when he was only a year and ten months old. He also does rapid calculations in arithmetic. I guess he's a prodigy. In his picture he looks like a good, strong, lively little boy with a big bump of intelligence on the back of his head. Any more bridge babies?

● *GADGET GAZETTE:* Through all the heat our gadget crop has flourished to abundance.

Here are some I have seen:

An electric fan with *ribbon* blades that stir up a stiff breeze but can't chop the children's fingers. . . . A three-decker party tray for distributing the usual drinks and sandwiches, only you carry this one, like a night-club cigarette girl, slung from a supporting band around your neck. . . . A suction-grip battery lamp to fix on the wall of any dark closet without wiring. . . . A portable hammock rigged on a folding metal frame that you can set up anywhere in a jiffy. . . . A tray shaped like a painter's palette, *thumb hole and all,* for passing the pickles, preserves, etc., with little cups sunk along the edge to hold the condiments, and a very long wooden spoon like an artist's maulstick. . . . An automatic card shuffler for the bridge table; rather resembles a bread toaster but does *not* toast the cards—shuffles them quickly and expertly as you turn the knob.

● Finally we have a *reason* for automobile racing. English statisticians say the marriage tempo is accelerated by all major speed events. One English track claims credit for 700 weddings. Girls and boys get excited watching the speedsters, they clutch hands, they cling to each other. One excitement leads to another. Then off they go to the parson.

● It's smart now to read about the Philippines because of the new independence there; so try George Brydges Rodney's romantic novel, The Courtezan. (Published by Greenberg.)

● The Popes who lived, six hundred years ago, at Avignon left a tradition that the French people there have kept alive—a tradition of learned eating and enlightened cooking. From modern Avignon comes this recipe for broiled tomatoes stuffed with anchovies and tuna:

Cut 4 tomatoes in half crosswise, scoop each half partly hollow. With a fork crush 5 anchovies, boned and drained; add 4 tablespoons finely flaked tuna fish, 1 clove minced garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch of chopped tarragon leaves if available, 1 slice bread soaked in milk then pressed dry, and a little freshly ground pepper. Stuff tomato halves with mixture, cover with bread crumbs, sprinkle with olive oil. Place under medium hot broiler for 15 minutes.

A Salty, Chucklesome Story . . . of a Practical Joke, a Trick of Fate, and an Unsung Hero's Destiny

by CHANNING POLLOCK

TO BLUSH Unseen

"You may remember," Sam continued, "that I heard this officer groaning, and I went out to get him."

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

SAM PARK was a tired man when he climbed down from the five nine at Ypsilanti.

At eleven that morning he had lectured in Jackson. There had been the usual aftermath of handshaking; the usual lady who expected to be remembered because she had spoken to him last year in St. Paul. Then there had been the usual public luncheon, the usual extra dividend of another short speech, and the usual rush to toss things into a suitcase and make the train for that evening's repetition of the whole business.

"War may be hell," Sam Park groaned, looking in vain for a porter, "but talking about it to women's clubs is no ecstasy, either."

"Samuel McKim Park," he wrote his name at the Mansion House, nodding wearily when the clerk said, "So you're Corporal Park, are you? My wife read your book, and she wanted me to ask you—"

"A room with a bath," Sam interrupted rudely. "A quiet room, and if any one telephones, I haven't arrived yet."

What he needed now was rest; a good long nap, followed by two soft-boiled eggs and plenty of coffee served at his bedside. After that he might be able to struggle into evening clothes and tell the Ypsilanti ladies "What I Saw from the Trenches." This *was* Ypsilanti, wasn't it? Or was Ypsilanti yesterday? Anyway, what did that matter? *Wherever* he was, he'd tell 'em. Just then the phone rang.

"Listen," Corporal Park protested into the instrument. "I told you, if any one called—"

"You haven't arrived yet," a perfectly modulated feminine voice interposed. "But, naturally, I knew you *had* arrived, and that your message wasn't intended for me."

There was authority in that tone, and, besides, Sam had been caught at a disadvantage.

"Who *is* this?" he inquired meekly.

"Amelia Curry," the voice answered. "Mrs. Arthur Pitt Curry. You remember we had some correspondence while you were in Cleveland."

"Of course I remember. You're president of the Women's Better Government Club. And haven't we met" —rather vaguely—"somewhere?"

"No," Mrs. Curry replied, not at all vaguely. "But I do like meeting my speakers before I present them. And so I phoned to suggest that you dine here tonight. No other guests; just Mr. Curry and myself. I know how exhausting chatter is when you have a lecture ahead of you."

"Yes; to tell you the truth, I make it a rule—"

"Oh, but you won't mind *us*. I'm sending the car, and it'll be there at ten minutes of seven. That'll give us plenty of time. *A bientôt*, then."

She was *sending* the car; that was something. Usually they came with it, and talked to you for miles and miles. Sam looked at his rumpled bed ruefully.

Served him right for going in for this platform nonsense! A man had some right to peace—after a war. If only he'd gone back to the real-estate business, and stayed there. But no; there was that medal, and the newspaper accounts of his winning it, and the young publisher who thought Sam might write "a new kind of war book." And he'd written it, with a little professional help, and they'd sold a hundred and thirty-some thousand copies. So along came the persuasive gentleman from Great Speakers, Inc., and he said something about "a thousand dollars a week," and Sam signed on the dotted line before learning that the thousand a week was a hope rather than a habit, and subject to 25 per cent off for commission, and additional subtraction for hotel bills and railway fares.

At that, the return was pretty good, and the lecturing wouldn't've been bad if that was all there was to it. But Sam hated flubdub. He loathed being introduced as "the

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

war's greatest hero" or "the fearless young soldier who carried his captain out of no man's land." Sam knew the truth about that; he kept telling it, too. And then strange ladies clasped his hand soulfully and said, "You're like all brave men—*so* modest." In fifteen months Corporal Park had seen only one thing, besides bed, that really interested him, and that was the stuffed skin of Jumbo, the big elephant, at Tufts College. Or was it Antioch? . . .

Sans Souci was rather an agreeable surprise. Not a large house, nor pretentious. The gardens were lovely. Arthur Pitt Curry—"Art" to his friends—was the answer to that. Art was in the grain-and-feed business, but his vocation was roses. There were hundreds of them about the place, and Art knew them all by name and—one felt—had long and intimate conversations with them. He was still "out there somewhere" when Sam arrived, and Mrs. Curry sent a servant for him. When the man didn't return, Sam volunteered, and found Art *and* the servant on their knees feeding bone meal to the Duchess of Wellington. "She's a beauty, too, ain't she?" Art said. "And so's Lady Alice Stanley, and John Russell over there. This Nigrette's new, but flowers got sense; they don't draw the color line."

He was in shirt sleeves and overalls, and entirely unconscious of the fact. "Mrs. Curry asked me to say, 'Dinner is served,'" the servant repeated, still on his knees, and calling upon God and the guest to witness that he'd followed instructions. But Arthur Pitt Curry merely remarked, "Well, it's getting dark, anyway," and swung a bag of fertilizer to his shoulder and carried it to the waiting wheelbarrow.

En route back to the house, Sam observed, "You're strong. That sack must have weighed well over a hundred pounds."

"It's the twist that does it," Mr. Curry explained. "A fellow learns that in my business."

He was a pleasant commonplace little man; square-rigged, with a full moon surrounded by thin grayish clouds of hair shining above his sartorial skysails. A meek little man, with the soft voice and the far-away look in his eyes characteristic of gardeners. "It isn't only his look that's far away," Sam decided at dinner; "*he* is. That guy don't live in this house at all. He don't know that we're here, really. He's got a rose garden somewhere inside of him, and he goes in there and shuts the gate whenever he can run away from things outside."

Amelia apparently used him as a table decoration. Through most of the meal she seemed unaware of his presence—and apologetic when she became aware. From her earliest girlhood, Amelia had wanted to be "important." She had married Art Curry—well, partly because she loved him, of course, but even more because he was one of the few young men in town who had a horse and buggy.

As Art prospered and their social circle changed, that buggy, and even the car and chauffeur that succeeded it, dwindled in significance. Something had to be done. Art was a good provider, but he was no bellwether, and bells—bells that made a loud noise and attracted general attention—were indispensable to Mrs. Arthur Pitt Curry.

SHE began joining clubs, and then she founded this one, and brought on her lecturers. There was power in being able to summon the great and the near-great to your dinner table, and thrill in being able to tell about it. "William Jennings Bryan has sat in that chair," she'd proclaimed as she seated Samuel McKim Park. "He came here twice, the year before he died. Delivered the same speech both times, but I don't think any one noticed it. You *must* see what he wrote on the picture he sent me."

"No one escapes," Sam thought, and was comforted thereby. For months he had suspected that his own compliances were due to weakness of character. But that chair had held William Lyon Phelps, and John Erskine, and at least part of Gilbert Chesterton.

As the dinner went on, Sam found himself feeling sorrier and sorrier for his host. After all—again—it wasn't Art's fault that he wasn't a hero or a statesman. "Just a worm in his own house," Sam concluded, wishing he could do something about it. This urge it was that prompted him to inquire, "Were you in France, Mr. Curry?"

Mr. Curry looked startled.

"Yes," Mrs. Curry smiled; "but nobody ever noticed it."

"Muffed that," Sam thought. "Too bad. And he's a swell little guy, too."

Amelia didn't mean to be unkind—she was merely a victim of frustration; but Sam didn't know that. He didn't know, either, that she was fond of this funny little baldheaded man, in her way, and that he was both fond and proud of her. When Mrs. Curry retired to her room for final touches, Sam tried to draw Art out on his army experience, but didn't get far.

"I read your book *twice*," Art told him, though. "Gee, you almost made me believe I was back in the mud around Soissons."

"Were you around Soissons?" Sam asked, and then Mrs. Curry returned and said, "Arthur, did you leave that fertilizer under my window?"

"Maybe I did."

"Well, take it away, and bring round the car. I told Bates he could have this evening off."

Soissons and fertilizer gave Sam an idea that was taking root in his mind all the way to the Better Government Club. "Why not?" he asked himself. "It couldn't do any harm, and it would certainly fix things right for a buddy."

THERE were more than the ordinary number of fluttery ladies at the club, and they were more than ordinarily trying. Sam escaped to the little rest room adjoining the stage, but found no rest there. Mrs. Waters came in with her husband, who was heavily jocular, and old Mrs. Chapman came in with her grandson, and Miss Gates with her nervous giggle.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Sam said mildly, "My train leaves at eleven two," and the chairman of the entertainment committee led him on to the platform.

This was *her* chance.

"Fellow members and guests: We have our husbands with us tonight, so this is a meeting of the Better Government Club with the Better Governed." (Laughter from every one, including the chairman.) "We have dispensed with our usual business meeting, but I am going to call upon a few of the ladies for reports from their committees. . . . And now we come to the feature of the evening. Hundreds of books on the war have been written, but the great book—need I tell you? . . . However, it is not as an author merely. . . . Allow me to present to you the outstanding hero of the World War, Corporal Samuel McKim Park, who will relate to you What I Saw from the Trenches." (Loud applause.)

What Corporal Park saw from the platform chiefly at that moment was the bald head and the far-away look of Art Curry. He was sitting with Mrs. Curry in the third row and a state of eclipse. And suddenly that recently planted but almost forgotten root in Corporal Park's mind broke ground in full flower. Why not? The story was so plausible that it might have been true. For an instant Sam had considered the possibility himself. Art would deny it, of course; but what difference would that make? It would be fun, and a swell start for the lecture—and serve 'em all right, including poor Artie.

"Miss Lauterbach has called me 'the outstanding hero of the World War,'" Sam was saying. "That's a large order. There were a good many million men over there, and most of 'em were heroes. Not all of 'em got medals. But a lot of the fellows that didn't were more entitled to medals than a lot of the fellows that did."

There was modesty for you! Corporal Park was off to the best start he'd ever made, and he knew it, and went on:

"It's awfully easy to make a great hero—or a great anything. Some one says it in print, and then every one says it. Nobody really knows, or cares very much, whether it's true or not. You're labeled, and the label sticks. If somebody remarks, 'That doesn't taste like Brown's Best Pineapple Juice to me,' everybody else says, 'Why, it's labeled Brown's Best,' and that settles it!" (Laughter.)

"As a matter of fact, I'm a long way from being

Brown's Best." (Laughter.) "Or the War's Best. Those of you who've read my book know that I wouldn't be here at all but for an unsung hero, an unknown soldier. I got my medal for trying to save a wounded officer, and, until an hour ago, I didn't even know the name of the man who really saved both of us."

The audience was breathless now.

"You may remember," Sam continued, "that I heard this officer groaning, and went out to get him. Everything was pretty quiet then, but a minute later the Heinies opened up with all they had—flares and machine guns and everything. First thing I knew, I was caught on our own wire—trussed up for a whole army to shoot at. I got a bullet in my shoulder, and a piece of shell here—just above my forehead—and I was praying to have it over, when I saw something moving close to me.

"Another man had come out for the officer, and got him—to within a few feet of our trench. Then he had crawled back for me. I was too far gone to distinguish his features, but I saw he was a little fellow, and I thought, 'He can't lift me.' He did, though—twisted me up on to his shoulder and ran. And that was the last thing I knew till I woke up in a base hospital weeks later."

Sam lifted his hand to still a murmur of applause.

"Nobody seems to have heard of that little man," he resumed, "and there didn't look to be a chance in the world that I'd ever find him. I did tonight, though! His voice hit me first, and then I saw him pick up a sack of fertilizer with the same twist he'd used in picking me up. When he said he'd been at Soissons, I knew I was right. That's the man who ought to have had my medal. And he's your own friend and neighbor and townsman—Arthur Pitt Curry!"

Corporal Park's lecture was a good deal of an anticlimax after that, but Sam didn't care. He'd created the greatest sensation of his life, and made a mountain out of a poor little molehill. Art Curry'd never be a worm in his own house again. The outburst of cheers and applause at Sam's big moment had been for Arthur, not Sam; and it was Arthur, not Sam, who was surrounded after the meeting. That was all to the good, too, Sam thought, slipping out, almost unnoticed, to toss things into his bag and make the eleven two.

HE made it with minutes to spare. Remembering Jackson and the luncheon, and the ladies who came to his room to help him pack and accompanied him to the station, Sam wished he could invent a few more unknown heroes. Sam had paced the length of the platform when he caught sight of Arthur looking for him. Sam grinned and said, "Well, I got you set, didn't I?"

"Yes," the little man answered. "But you oughtn't to've done it. You ought to've asked me first."

Sam's grin widened.

"What for? I knew I was wrong. I'm not boob enough to think you're the only man in the world who can give a bag of fertilizer that twist. But I wanted to make you a big shot, and I did. The more you deny it, the more they won't believe you. You'll never have to play second fiddle in your own—that is, anywhere—again."

"I'm not denying anything," Art replied. "What's the good? They can prove I did it—now—if they want to."

Sam stared. "Wha'd'ya mean, prove you did it?"

"Why, Captain Michaels knows I saved him. And two or three other fellows know it, too. I'd 'a' got a medal—long ago—if I hadn't headed them off."

A moment later Sam managed to inquire, "What in hell did you head 'em off for?"

"Well," Art said slowly, "you know Mrs. Curry. I'd hate to have to go round making speeches all my life. Not that there's anything wrong about that," he added hastily and apologetically. "But I like to grow things. And I came down to ask if you'd do me a favor."

"Sure."

"Don't tell that story anywhere else. If I had to go through tonight *everywhere*— You understand, don't you?"

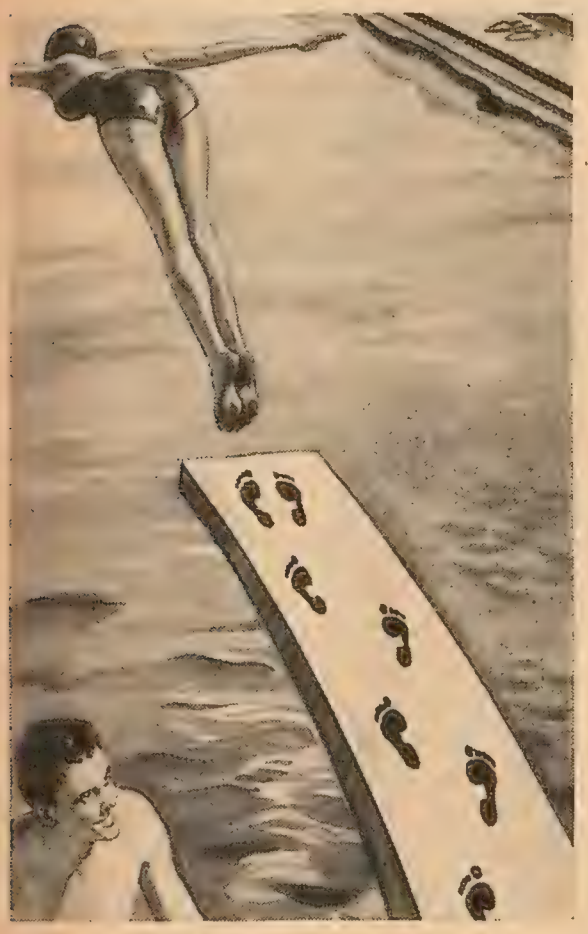
"Plenty," Corporal Park answered.

The two men clasped hands. Art had gone into his rose garden again when Sam looked back from the train.

THE END

BACHELOR DAYS
I'M SO SORRY YOU FEEL BAD, UNCLE TOM—WHERE DOES IT HURT?
IN MY HEAD, JUNIOR—IT'S SUFFERING FROM LAST NIGHT'S PARTY—
IS THAT WHERE IT HURTS, UNCLE TOM?
OH!! MY STARS!!
WAIT'LL I CATCH YOU, YOU YOUNG FIEND—YOU'RE LOWER THAN A CENTIPEDE WITH FALLEN ARCHES!
—WAIT A SEC, UNCLE TOM—DAD KEEPS BROMO-SELTZER IN THE MEDICINE CABINET. HE SAYS IT'S THE BEST THING FOR HEADACHES—I'LL GET YOU SOME
TAKE THIS, UNCLE TOM
FIRST GRAIN OF SENSE YOU'VE SHOWN, VIPER
•A LITTLE LATER••
TAKE ME TO THE CIRCUS?
WELL, IF I DO, THANK BROMO-SELTZER! MY HEADACHE'S GONE—I CAN SMILE EVEN AT YOU!
I ADVISE EVERY MAN TO TAKE BROMO-SELTZER FOR NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES. DOCTORS FIND IT WORKS FASTER, BY ACTUAL TEST
Makes you feel fit FASTER!
Doctors recently tested next-morning headache remedies—found Bromo-Seltzer worked *faster* than any other remedy they tested! Soothes the stomach, too, quiets nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.
At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.
BROMO-SELTZER
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

THE NEXT ONE IN GETS ATHLETE'S FOOT



SHE'S A "CARRIER"

THE young lady who just made the beautiful swan dive has Athlete's Foot.

If you could see the infection her bare feet spread you would hesitate before you put your own feet on the plank.

The danger lurks everywhere—at the club, at the beach, even in your own bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Why not use Absorbine Jr. as an Ounce of Prevention?

Since it kills the fungus, it is foolhardy to wait until you get Athlete's Foot before doing something about it.

Keep a bottle in your club locker. Douse it on after every swim, every shower.

If you already have a case of Athlete's Foot, use Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. and accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. Price, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS!

$1,500 IN 113 BIG CASH AWARDS

BEGIN A WINNING ENTRY TODAY!

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

ARE you playing the jumbled-name game? If by any chance you've been on the side lines, now is the time to go into action. You've still an excellent chance to land in the big money. Start by solving this week's jumbles on the coupon below. For example: WONJEBORE. Correctly rearranged, these letters give you JOE E. BROWN. That's the way to solve each jumble.

Now get out the preceding three issues of Liberty and solve the jumbles on their coupons. If you do not have them handy, you can get reprints of the contest material by writing to the address in Rule 7 requesting the material you need to bring your entry even with the field and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling. Your request will be filled without delay. Be sure that you wait until you have all seven coupons before you mail your entry. Individual coupons will not be accepted.

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

CLIP HERE

CONTEST COUPON NO. 4

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

CLIP HERE

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. NEOWISTLES	
2. KANUMELER	
3. FAIRTADRESE	
4. VIENAYDISLYS	
5. GLORIAGESSER	
6. SEGGRENIRGOR	
7. LAPDOGTEDUARTED	
8. CAPRIHEILLNACH	
9. WHOASILLEDER	
10. LOBROLFARSKIF	

WATCH FOR SET NO. 5 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

At a Performance of Pagliacci

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWIN BAIRD

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE orchestra sobbed the prelude to Leoncavallo's I Pagliacci. The guilty love of Nedda and Silvio quivered among the violins. The crazed jealousy of Canio moaned in the wood winds.

Tonio, the clown, in his ridiculous red wig and grotesque hat, appeared before the curtain:

Ladies and gentlemen! . . .
I am the prologue!

The audience was a shadowy thing of white shirt fronts and white flesh. In Box Nine, Police Commissioner Lucian Stanley sat with his wife. Unlike his predecessors, Commissioner Stanley was an aristocrat. He was also a student of criminology. And only today he had been appointed by the mayor, under pressure of an aroused citizenry, to "rid the city of corruption and crime."

. . . Our author tonight a chapter will borrow
from life, with its laughter and sorrow . . .

Commissioner Stanley was watching the stage. His wife was watching him. Against the dark velvet of her gown a diamond pin flickered in a prismatic flame. Her sidelong gaze was faintly amused by his look of superiority. Tonio's mellow baritone finished the *Prologo*. The curtain was up on the first act.

Canio was addressing the peasants:

The wrath of Pagliaccio
Will there be presented—
What vengeance he took,
And the trap he invented!

An usher parted the curtains at the back of their box. In his white-gloved hand he held an envelope. He gave it to her and she quietly put it in her opera bag. Her husband glanced at her. She looked serenely at the stage. Nedda was singing softly:

I dropped my eyes,
Fearful lest he should read there
What I was secretly thinking . . .

Mrs. Stanley rose, murmuring something vaguely, and left their box.

Commissioner Stanley looked over his shoulder at a sinewy man in evening clothes sitting unobtrusively at the rear of the adjoining box. A glance of understanding passed between them. The man slid into the aisle behind the boxes. At the end of the aisle, Mrs. Stanley was frantically reading some scrawled lines on the sheet of hotel stationery that she had taken from the envelope:

I must have another thousand quick. Unless you get it for me tonight, I will tell your husband.

She swiftly descended the foyer stairs. The sinewy man followed stealthily.

The curtain was down on the first act.

Commissioner Stanley went to the men's lounge and smoked a cigarette.

In a hotel room across the street, his wife was saying to a thin young man of glossy black hair and sensuous lips:

"You ought to know better than to send me a thing like this. Haven't you any sense at all?" She took the note from her bag and threw it at him.

"Well, I've got to have dough," he said sullenly. "I haven't any money for you."

His dark eyes fastened on the diamond pin. "How about *that?* That ought to fetch a grand."

"Very well," she said finally, and unfastened the pin. "But remember—this is the last!"

As she hastened through the hotel corridor, the sinewy man in evening clothes, accompanied by a uniformed police officer, entered the man's room without knocking.

In the opera lounge, Commissioner Stanley crushed the fire from his cigarette and went back upstairs to his box. The box was empty. The house was dark. On the stage, the play within a play proceeded.

Mrs. Stanley entered the box and calmly took her seat. But he saw that her fingers were trembling and that her lips were tightly compressed.

And then he saw that her diamond pin was gone.

Canio, having discovered that his wife was faithless, was laughing furiously:

Ha! Ha!
Oh, nothing better wouldst thou ask
Than to be let run to meet your lover!

The sinewy man now entered the adjoining box. Commissioner Stanley, as if in casual greeting, reached over the intervening rail and shook hands with him. Then, also casually, his fingers sought the right-hand pocket of his white waistcoat.

Nedda, though alarmed by Canio's seriousness, strove to carry on but was checked by Canio's murderous intensity:

You'll name him, or else I'll kill you!
Who was it?

He had his dagger out now; and he seized Nedda, as she tried to escape, and stabbed her to death. Her lover, Silvio, sprang from the village audience, knife in hand, and rushed toward them up the steps of the little theater on the stage—and into the dagger of the betrayed husband.

Ah, 'twas you! 'Tis well!

Then, stupefied by what he had done, Canio dropped the dagger.

The comedy is ended!

Applause fluttered from the auditorium. The lights came on. Mrs. Stanley stood up.

"Enjoy the performance, dear?" she asked.

"I'd have enjoyed it more," he said, "if the libretto weren't so artificial. It would be truer to life if Canio overlooked his wife's indiscretion and laughed off her affair with Silvio. That would be the square thing to do—and a simple solution of an unpleasant problem."

She smiled up at him. Her eyes said: "How little you know of life!"

Police Commissioner Stanley also smiled—and took a small object from his waistcoat pocket and fastened it to her gown.

Against the dark velvet it flickered in a prismatic flame.

THE END

READY — as Amer

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

DID YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile with a glass of water and less than a handful of fuel, and at rates averaging less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 44% of every dollar the railroads take in goes for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman fares are one-third less, with no surcharge?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people, engaged in such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. Out of this pioneering endeavor come such devices as this track recorder, used to detect and chart track irregularities. In a car traveling 50 miles an hour, it records such useful information as: low joints, variations in gage, car body inclination, car body bounce—providing a constant check on safety and pointing the way to greater comfort.

ca goes forward!

IT IS certainly no news that America has been passing through a depression.

The railroads, like every other business in the land, have had their problems, and plenty of them.

And like every other enterprising American business, the railroads have faced those problems with honesty and patience, with resourcefulness, *most of all with determination to go ahead.*

A vast range and variety of betterments in railroad practice and equipment is the result — such betterments as air-conditioning, for example, which makes a railroad passenger car today the cleanest, quietest, most comfortable way to travel.

Conspicuous also is the notable step-up in passenger schedules, to a point where many limited trains now *average* mile-a-minute speed. And freight transport also has been speeded up — an average of 43%.

But the real story of railroad enterprise is scarcely told by these figures, for it is a story of *speed with safety* unmatched by any other transportation in the world!

In its details it is, perhaps, an undramatic story — of light rails replaced by heavier ones — of roadbeds improved — of brakes and couplings bettered — of locomotives increased in power — of courageous investment matched by constant thrift in order that service might be maintained and even improved in the face of reduced revenues.

The big fact, however, stands clear: the American railroads today are *ready* as America goes ahead — ready to provide that indispensable reliability combined with adequate means and men to move tremendous tonnage, which a recovering nation demands.

EDGAR L. VAIL, executive, New York: "When I step on a train, I know I'm going to get there, and in 99% of the cases I will be on time to the minute."

EARL I. CARMODY, salesman, New York: "I've traveled a bit in the last five years, so I really had a chance to appreciate the progress railroads have made when I recently took a long trip. There's no comparison between train travel today and train travel five years ago."

MRS. BEATRICE MITCHELL, mother, Tulsa: "Railroad men are so courteous and thoughtful that travel with children is no trouble at all these days."

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN HEINK, opera singer: "The only reason I am able to travel so often and so extensively is that the railroads are so comfortable. With room to move about at will, you feel completely relaxed at the end of the journey."

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HEADQUARTERS: Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

SWINDLERS at the

Player, Beware . . . if You Don't Know with Whom You're Playing! Here Is an Expert's Revelation of One Trick and How It Works

BY THE CARD DETECTIVE

as told to

FRED MacISAAC

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of a series of articles divulging methods used by bridge sharps in the private home or the club. The first appeared in the issue of August 8.*

A CASE I investigated in Hollywood indirectly was responsible for the deportation of an Englishman who called himself "Sir Cecil Ponsomdelay" and who was doing very nicely among the crowd in Hollywood which likes to associate with the nobility.

It started during a bridge game at the home of a leading producer. The players were the producer—call him Mr. Samuels; a film supervisor named Woods; a rising male film star—call him Rudolph Reynolds; and Sir Cecil Ponsomdelay. It was a cent-a-point game. Two rubbers had been played and Woods and Reynolds were about twelve hundred points to the good.

The film star had shuffled and placed the cards at the left hand of Sir Cecil, ready for the next deal. Reynolds's partner had dealt, picked up his cards, and, in arranging them, dropped a card on the floor. He stooped to pick it up, and in rising bumped his left temple against the corner of the table. He came up with a red face.

"Everybody stand up," he demanded tensely.

The others rose. He turned the table on its side. "I happened to look under the table and saw that," he declared.

The players observed what looked like a watch spring fastened to the bottom of the table by a thumbtack and which was holding several of the cards against the table.

The "bug." Attached under the table by a thumbtack, it is used to hold illicit cards.

Woods jerked them out and exposed the ace and king of spades and ace and king of diamonds.

"Somebody's cheating," he remarked unnecessarily.

"Quite so," said Sir Cecil. "And the contraption is in front of Mr. Reynolds, is it not?"

"I don't know how it came there," mumbled the film star. Like many innocent persons falsely accused, he had all the appearances of guilt.

Woods pulled out the thumbtack and handed the spring device to Mr. Samuels.

It was a piece of steel a quarter of an inch wide and two inches long.

Ponsomdelay was counting the pack of cards which Reynolds had been shuffling. "Four cards short," he reported.

"I'll pay your losses, Sir Cecil," said Samuels. "This must go no further. Mr. Reynolds is under contract to my company."

"I know nothing about it!" shouted the actor. "Good night, Mr. Reynolds," said the producer coldly.

That was the story as I got it from Mr. Reynolds, who came to me a few days later. "I know appearances are against me," he concluded. "But I don't know how that thing got there."

"Appearances are not against you so far as I am concerned," I told him. "If you were shuffling that deck, the cards concealed under the table were of no earthly use to you. That contraption is familiar to professional gamblers and it's called a 'bug.' You say your opponent on your right was this Englishman?"

"Sir Cecil Ponsomdelay. He's absolutely all right."

"If the bug was in front of your right hand, it was within reach of Sir Cecil's left hand. Mr. Samuels or Mr. Woods could not have reached it. The only person who could benefit by the cards taken from that pack was Ponsomdelay, who was going to deal the pack."

"But we can't prove it," Reynolds said.

"Let me try," I said. "I'll charge you a fee and there will be some expenses."

"I'll pay. How much for expenses?"

I laughed. "Ten cents for a mousetrap."

My agent arranged an appointment and accompanied me to the private office of Mr. Samuels.

"I understand you are what is known as a card detective," he said. "Well, we caught Reynolds cold. You can't do anything."

I drew two packs of cards from my pocket and produced a bug which I had secured in a shop in Los Angeles—they can be bought in every city, if you know where to go.

"Mr. Reynolds wasn't cheating, sir, and I'm going to prove it to you."

A bridge table was set up in the office. Supervisor Woods was summoned. I seated him at my right and Mr. Samuels at my left. The agent was my partner.

"Please deal off," I requested my agent. "It is necessary that I play this hand."

There was no bidding. As I took in the tricks I piled them up any old way in front of me. When the hand was finished I picked up the pile, straightened it out, reached for my opponents' tricks, added them to the pile, took the pack in both hands, and palmed the four bottom cards in my left. Placed the pack at the right of Mr. Samuels to shuffle. He shuffled and placed them at my left. Mr. Woods was dealing with the other cards.

"We won't play this hand," I stated. "Cut for my deal, Mr. Woods."

BRIDGE TABLE

He cut and I dealt. "Now, please lay your hand down face up," I requested of my agent. He showed the ace and king of spades and the ace and king of diamonds and some cards he had come by honestly.

"It's important for me to know in advance that my partner has four quick tricks," I remarked. "The bug is in front of you, by the way, Mr. Samuels."

Samuels bent and discovered that I spoke the truth.

"But there are no cards in it," he declared.

"They are in my partner's hand now."

"I remember them," he said grimly. "Those are the cards that Reynolds had placed in the bug."

"Since you didn't deal with this pack, what good would those four cards have been to you?"

"That's right," he said thoughtfully. "But you dealt them to your partner. So it was Sir Cecil who was cheating that night."

"Of course. It began two deals ahead. He played that hand, collected the tricks at the end of the hand, and contrived to place four high cards on the bottom. As he passed the pack to the left to be shuffled by Reynolds he palmed the four bottom cards. He slipped them in the bug with his left hand. He had placed the bug in front of Reynolds so, if it happened to be discovered, Reynolds, not himself, would be accused of owning it.

"Reynolds tells me that just as he was about to deal, Sir Cecil stretched out his right arm and leaned forward, pointing to the score which you were keeping, Mr. Samuels.

"'Have we a partial?' he asked. It was then that he drew out the cards in the bug with his left hand and placed them on the bottom of the deck.

"WHAT he did next was bottom-deal the four high cards to his innocent partner." I demonstrated. "Observe the position of the fingers of my left hand. Forefinger curled over the end of the pack; third, fourth, and fifth fingers on the outside; thumb pointed diagonally toward the outer corner of the pack. It's the only position in which one can both deal from the bottom of the pack or deal the second instead of the top card. It's the gambler's grip.

"The thumb pushes out the top card but the knuckle of the second finger pushes out the bottom card. The angle at which the gambler holds the deck causes the top card to conceal the movement of the bottom card.

"Now the index finger and thumb of the right hand approach. The thumb touches the top card but the index finger touches the bottom card. The thumb pushes the top card as the index finger moves out the bottom card. The thumb slips to the bottom card and it is dealt. Unless it is done slowly and clumsily, not even the camera can detect the cheat."

Samuels was convinced. "I'll apologize to Reynolds," he said. "But I want this crook nabbed." He was more than willing to make arrangements for the trap.

I sat in three or four sessions with Sir Cecil before circumstances were propitious. I finally sat at his left. The stakes were a nickel a point, and I realized, when he passed me the cards to shuffle, that the pack was light.

I felt under the table. The bug was there—in front of me, a little to the right. I made my arrangements. There came the moment when he leaned forward, pointed to the score, and asked, "Have we a partial?"

The question turned into a howl of pain. He leaped to his feet, overturning the table. His left thumb and forefinger were tightly held by a spring mousetrap. The betraying bug was there. My mousetrap had been hung in front of it, fastened with magician's wax.

The exposure attracted the attention of the immigration authorities to Sir Cecil, who turned out to be an alien, illegally in the United States, with no right to his name or title.

THE END

PHOTOS BY JOHN DREVES

Bottom-dealing. The universally used gambler's grip is shown in the top photo. With it sharps can both bottom-deal and second-deal. The pictures below show how the top card, acting as a cover, shields the false move. If made rapidly enough, not even the camera can detect it.

Daredevils . . . Danger . . . Love in a Woman's Eyes . . . A Swift, Heart-Clutching Drama of the Skyways

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Jimmy, clinging at the top of the wing, was signaling Bill to jump.

TRIANGL

ALL of us air-line pilots at the Glenbank Airport liked Jimmy March, an irresponsible young side-slipper, though we knew that we couldn't trust him with a pretty gal who belonged to *us*. Jimmy was twenty-four, had a smiling possessive way that won women completely, and was forever in some scrape, but he seemed to ease out of them like a small boy whose eyes say, "I didn't mean it, really."

When he cracked up Bill Malloy's ship doing smart-aleck stuff close to the ground, we could have sworn that Bill, in spite of the fact that he was covered with insurance, would plug him full of holes. A group of us ambled over to the field where Bill's ship lay like a scrambled parrot, and I'll be damned if we didn't hear Bill's roar petering into a flimsy, "You so-and-so crazy kid, you! I've a good mind to bump you off for this!"

And there was Jimmy, white-faced but grinning that devilish slow grin of his and holding out his hand to Bill, saying, "Go ahead, Bill. I've got it coming to me."

"Yeah, it's my lousy luck that you busted everything in the ship but your own neck!"

"Sorry, Bill. I'll make it up to you, though," Jimmy said earnestly. "I'll let you in on a scheme that will put us both on Easy Street. The hottest idea you ever heard of! We'll clean up. And it's like taking candy from kids." Then he turned and saw the rest of us staring at the two of them with our jaws resting on our chests. "Scram, you double-crossing hyenas!" Jimmy yelled at us. "Bill and I are on to a gag that's a gold mine, and none of you whelps are going to horn in on it."

CLAIRE

And if he didn't go limping away from that wreck leaning on Bill's arm for support, with Bill saying, "Take it easy, kid. Maybe you busted something."

Not one of us other pilots had escaped the lash of Bill Malloy's mean temper. He'd split a man's jaw for "borrowing" one of his tools, and I saw enough stars to spell "Good-by, girls," the day he caught me in the hangar merely looking over his motor.

"What do you think Jimmy March does—charm 'em?" Dick Spencer was rubbing the scar on his cheek that was a calling card from Malloy's fist. "I can understand the dames falling for him, but not Bill—he's a tough hombre."

"Sure he charms 'em. He gives 'em the hypnotic eye." Lew Rogers, a funny little squirt, was a stooge for Jimmy March. "Don't you know that his old man was Svengali?"

"The guy with a long beard who made that skirt sing?"

"No, you nitwit! Svengali, the animal trainer that used to be three-sheeted with Ringling Brothers. That's Jimmy's old man, get me?"

We got him all right, and were half inclined to believe that Jimmy had inherited a definite talent for hypnotism from his father.

That night one of the gang drifted over to the pilots' quarters and said that Bill Malloy had moved Jimmy over to his own bungalow and was going to keep him there until he was all right again. Though nobody made any remark about it, our thoughts were so loud each fellow heard them. No pilot on the West Coast had a wife as pretty as Claire Malloy. She

...in the Air—

by

FRANCES MARION

ILLUSTRATION BY
CLAYTON KNIGHT

had big wistful eyes and a small curved mouth that never smiled. Every man on the field knew better than even to glance at her when Bill was around. His jealousy was understandable, for he was at least twice her age.

Sam Frazer, who'd flown the mail with Claire's father, gave us the low-down. Seems when the old pilot crashed and broke his back, Bill Malloy took care of him and his girl. After the old man died, they got married. Sam said she must have felt sort of grateful to Bill and didn't know how to get out of it.

But Swede Larson, a grease monkey for Malloy, insisted that Claire was in love with her husband. According to him, she was a good girl, too, and a swell cook in the bargain. The wives of the married pilots tried to make friends with her, but she kept by herself. We knew darned well she was scared of Bill.

She'd come to the airport in her little Ford roadster to call for her husband. Bill never introduced her to us, and we never got even a secondhand kick out of seeing him kiss her. He'd say, "Hello, Claire," get into the car, and they'd drive away.

I'll never forget the first time that Jimmy March laid eyes on her. That was a wow! He had just rolled his ship into the hangar, when that roving eye of his saw Claire Malloy sitting in her Ford and looking up at Lew Rogers doing some of the sweetest outside loops you could hope to see. Nobody could touch him at that racket but Jimmy, and that kid could cut his initials in a thunderhead and come out alive.

Jimmy took one look at that pretty girl gazing wide-eyed up at the stunting plane, and before you could say "Malloy!" out of the hangar went his own little secondhand ship that had taken all his savings and wasn't paid for yet. "Hello, honey!" he called to her, fresh as paint, then he taxied down the field. For fifteen minutes he acted like a damn-fool kid on a lawn in front of a new girl's house. I almost put in a call for the meat wagon.

Finally the idiot came down, stepped out of his plane, and when he sallied up to the Ford, grinning like a Cheshire cat, there was Bill Malloy calling him every name he could lay his tongue to. When Bill got into the car with his wife, I heard him say, "It's nuts like that who give flying a bad name." But a minute later he laughed. You see, there was something about Jimmy that made everybody like him in spite of all his crazy faults.

Jimmy was sunk when he found out the pretty girl was Malloy's wife; but even after that, he hung around the line whenever Bill was up, hoping to catch another glimpse of her. If she did show up in the Ford, he'd find a dozen excuses to walk past her. If she saw him, she never let on—and there wasn't a pilot in the country who could touch him for looks—so we decided that she must be pretty fond of Bill.

The night we heard that Jimmy had gone over to stay at the Malloy house, there was considerable speculation as to the outcome.

After a couple of weeks Jimmy and the Malloys got so friendly they'd all come down to the airport together, Jimmy generally sprawled out in the back seat laughing. We all just sat back and *waited.*

BILL MALLOY

When Jimmy was able to walk without a limp, we expected to see him come back to his room at the pilots' quarters. Instead, he moved all his duds over to the Malloy house, tore up his autographed pictures of dames, gave us that big nude painting he'd toted all over the country, paid his long-standing debts with money that he had borrowed from Bill, and bought us all two-bit cigars.

"There's gold in them thar hills," he said, pointing to the Malloy bungalow, "and I've always been a darned good prospector. I'll be calling on you in my de luxe Stinson one of these days. If the Line lets you out, drop around and maybe we can fix you up. We'll be needing grease monkeys. So long, lugs!" And off he went, arm in arm with Bill Malloy.

We figured that Bill had too much sense to give up a transport job for any crazy scheme of Jimmy's; and he probably wouldn't have, either, but he had a row with the boss and was kicked off the field.

If a crowd of us hadn't drifted over to the Pomono Fair to see the Manx Brothers' well advertised air circus, we might never have found out what cockeyed idea Jimmy talked Bill into. It knocked us for a loop when we discovered that Bill and Jimmy had become "the Manx Brothers," and after weeks of practice had been touring the country barnstorming at all the county fairs and air meets, pulling down over a grand a week.

They carried their own ship and had an extra pilot. The ship had a trapdoor in it. When the plane got up high enough, the pilot would open the trapdoor in the bottom of the fuselage, let down a trapeze, then Bill and Jimmy would slide down to it. There they'd do some stunts, tough work, too, even though the pilot was just maintaining flying speed. The climax came when Bill held Jimmy by the hands and swung him. Then, as if it were an accident, Jimmy suddenly would let go. The crowd would rise and scream, but only a few would turn their heads away. Guess it's human nature to hope for the worst.

As Jimmy came hurtling toward the ground, Bill, on the trapeze, would come spinning after him as if he, too, had lost his balance. It was a scary sight, but the crowds went for it and yelled bloody murder. About five hundred feet before they hit the ground, plop! Out came the parachutes that had been hidden in the fancy suits they wore, and they landed as easy as gyroplanes. The grandstand went nuts, and even after they got wise to the fact that the boys always had chutes, the Manx Brothers were the most popular novelty at all the fairs.

As for Bill Malloy, you couldn't touch him now with a ten-foot pole. He was dressed up like a drummer and drove a twelve-cylinder car. But Jimmy was the same old Jimmy! He was all over the place with us, and had to hear about who'd been washed out in the old gang, and everything. When he went up to the Malloys' car and told them he'd decided to spend the night at the quarters with us, Bill didn't seem to pay much attention, but Claire Malloy couldn't hide her disappointment.

THAT night we tried to pump Jimmy about her, but all he'd say was, "She's a sweet kid. Bill's a lucky old dog," and switch the conversation around to something else. So we knew, without his telling us, he was as much in love with her as she was with him. His voice gave it away when he said "She's a sweet kid." You could see respect for her fairly shooting out of Jimmy's eyes.

Somehow we all wanted to warn him he was leading with his chin, but we didn't have nerve enough to do it. We tried, in a way, always harking back to how relentless Malloy was whenever he had a grudge against any one. But Jimmy laughed it off, and said, "You birds have got Bill all wrong. He's not a bad guy. His bark's worse than his bite!"

Every day a bunch of us went to the fair and hung around. At first it looked as if Bill thought Jimmy was aces high. The three of them were never together without Bill having his arm on Jimmy's shoulder or talking him up as if he were the greatest pal on earth. But there was something sinister about Bill's eyes—small eyes set close together and hard and shining like a crow's—when they shifted slowly toward his wife and Jimmy. He'd say, "Look at those two! Cutting up like a couple of kids! Jimmy's always got some crazy joke to spring." Then he'd laugh like hell in a voice so hollow it gave me the creeps.

One day Jimmy came over, pretty badly shaken up by something that had taken place at Malloy's. For the first time since I'd known the kid, I saw his face without a grin. His eyes looked sunk back in his head, as if he'd been up all night. We couldn't get a word out of him beyond the fact that he was getting fed up with barnstorming, no matter how much dough there was in it, and thought he'd quit after this week and go back to his old game. We reminded him that most of our gang never knew how long our jobs would hold out, and we told him he'd better cash in while the going was good.

FRANCES MARION *was born in California, and as a small girl was ambitious to grow up to be a great painter. She abandoned art for newspaper work. In all she has written over three hundred moving-picture plays. She has two novels and a large number of short stories to her credit.*

Several of us went over to the fair grounds with him, and when he went into the tent to dress, we put our heads together. Our first idea was to keep an eye on Jimmy to be sure he didn't pull a fast one and run off with Malloy's wife. We knew, if he did, that Bill would follow him to the ends of the earth and get them both.

A couple of us decided we'd breeze into Malloy's tent, as we'd done every day, to chin with him and see if we could get an idea of what was in the wind. As we walked in on him, Bill was inspecting the parachutes.

"HELLO, Bill!" I said. "How's tricks?"

Bill glanced up with a quick dark look, half anger, half alarm, and mumbled something under his breath about taking extra precautions with the chutes. Otherwise he was the same as usual. When we mentioned Jimmy's leaving him, he grumbled, "Jimmy thinks he is sick of this game. He'll get over it. Wait until the first Saturday night when he doesn't cash in, then he'll be back."

We went away from the tent deciding that maybe Claire had sent Jimmy away.

But now, when the plane got in the air, there came sneaking through our minds the realization that Bill had acted mighty queer when he was laying those lines. The more we thought about it, the more our suspicions grew. Suddenly Lew Rogers's face went dead white. "Do you guys realize what a cinch it would be for Bill to twist those shroud lines in Jimmy's chute? Bill Malloy would stop at nothing if he thought somebody was doing him dirt. You guys know it, too!"

I started to run toward the field, yelling, "We've got to warn him! We've got to get word up to Jimmy!"

But how could we warn him? The only other plane at the fair was up with a photographer in it. Bill's ship was still climbing. We knew that when the pilot got enough altitude, he'd kick her around and start gliding. They'd circle over the grandstand, and then the pilot would hold her at about a thousand feet before the men would drop through the trapdoor and slide down the ropes to the swinging trapeze under the ship.

We stood there in tense silence, watching the plane and dreading the moment when the pilot would swing her around and the boys begin their stunts. The hot sun was searing my eyeballs and my clenched hands were sweating. When they were above the grandstand, Bill stood on the trapeze. Jimmy hung by his knees, then twisted his ankles around the ropes and swung, head down, to give the crowd its first thrill.

"Can't we do something?" moaned Lew. "I can't stand here and see the kid come down! We're to blame! We let Bill get away with it! We could have stopped it!"

"Hold on!" I cried. "Maybe we've cooked this idea up and there's nothing to it." But the gang knew I was whistling in the dark. Lew turned away, sick as a dog. "Who's got a drink?" Though he was used to messy sights, he couldn't face seeing Jimmy bumped off without a chance to put up a fight for his life.

Then we heard Claire Malloy calling to us. She was

running, white as a sheet, her big eyes like a scared rabbit's. "Did you see Bill before he went up?" she gasped.

"Sure," I said, trying to act calm. "He was in swell form. So was Jimmy. Here, you're shaking all over, running like this in the hot sun. Let's find some seats so we can all sit down. Or maybe, if we drift over to the refreshment booth, we can get a soda pop. The boys are safe as in a rocking chair, but this screaming crowd gives me the willies. Come on, Mrs. Malloy."

I took her by the arm, but I couldn't budge her. "I want you to tell me the truth," she said, looking me squarely in the eyes. "There *was* something wrong. I know it, and so do you. I tried to fool myself too, but I can't, and neither can you!" Her voice rose in a wail. "Bill's going to do something to Jimmy! I know he is! I've been afraid of it for days, but I wouldn't let myself think of it.

"I was going to warn Jimmy not to go up today, but I couldn't find him. He didn't come back last night because they'd had a row over me! And Bill had no right to accuse us! We've never done anything wrong! When I got to the gates here, they didn't want to let me in! They told me my husband said to keep me out because I got too nervous. I had to fight past the gateman to get here! And—it's too late!"

When she swayed, I caught her in my arms. Her body was shaking.

"He's going to kill Jimmy, and Jimmy'll never know I love him!"

As suddenly as she had dropped into this spasm, she pulled herself out of it. I could see she was sorry she had let herself go. She had grit, that kid!

"There must be *some* way of signaling Jimmy not to jump," she said in a voice so calm that it sounded uncanny.

"No, there ain't," Lew groaned.

A man passed with a pair of powerful field glasses. I stopped him. "Friends of mine up there," I said; "first time up. Don't know their act very well. I'm worried. Like to keep an eye on them."

He handed me his glasses. It took me a hell of a long time before I got them focused on the plane.

"They seem to be O. K.," I said. "No use of us getting all steamed up. Nothing's going to happen!"

The crowd in the grandstand was cheering as the boys did their stunts. The plane was low enough for me to see their faces. For a moment I lost that dreadful tension. Bill was grinning, his teeth flashing in the sunlight. Jimmy was smiling too! I passed the glasses to Mrs. Malloy. Her hands, though cold and clammy, were steady as she adjusted the lens. But when she handed the glasses back to me, she said, "I'm afraid I haven't the courage to watch them."

Lew Rogers put his arm around her and led her away. I saw them disappear around the back of the grandstand, then I raised the glasses again. Bill was sitting on the trapeze; Jimmy was swinging from Bill's hands. The crowd let out a fearful roar. A voice shrilled, "Bunk! It's a fake! They got parachutes!"

Somebody yelled, "Shut up! Sit down!" Nobody wanted to be cheated out of the suspense. Then the screams of the crowd skyrocketed upward. Jimmy, apparently, had lost his grip and was falling!

I NEARLY went crazy when the photographer's plane landed and I couldn't see through the dust cloud it made. When it cleared I saw Jimmy's body as it came hurtling down . . . eight hundred feet . . . seven hundred feet . . . now only five hundred feet above the ground! Jimmy suddenly danced like a man at the end of a hangman's rope. A second later his parachute opened, buffeted the wind, adjusted itself, and came floating down.

"Get Mrs. Malloy!" I shouted, trying to make my voice heard above the crowd. "Get her quick!"

The blood rushed through my body. I relaxed, and looked around for the man whose glasses I had borrowed. Jimmy had waited pretty long before he pulled the rip cord, so he was going to have a fairly tough landing. But he was safe enough. And here we'd been cooking up all this stuff on poor old Bill! Again I glanced at the sky.

New York's Handsomest Men SAY:

"For thorough, safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time"

WILLIAM CRABB'S main interest outside the studios is golf. He plays an excellent game.

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Why not for you?

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste. Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

DOUBLE SIZE TUBE
162 BRUSHINGS FOR 40¢
REGULAR SIZE 25¢

Tested and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

The plane was still circling, the pilot waiting for Bill to drop. As scheduled, the drops had been timed about three minutes apart.

When I saw that Bill was still clinging to the trapeze, I wondered why he didn't let go and keep the crowd's interest alive. Jimmy dragged a bit. In two seconds I was over the fence, running across the field with the gang and the guy whose glasses I held chasing after me.

Jimmy was like a maniac when we got up to him. "Bill won't jump!" he shouted, pointing up at Bill, still on the trapeze. "I should have told him! He won't jump!" His teeth were chattering as the gang closed around him. "Bill thinks he's got the wrong chute! The one he meant for me!" Jimmy yelled at us. "I wasn't sure first. Now I know it!"

He kept pointing at Bill swinging on the trapeze far above us.

"For God's sake, Jimmy, what's the matter?" I asked.

"I don't know why, but I was afraid he'd mess up the chutes! He got awfully ugly. When he stepped out of the tent, I sneaked in to look them over. I found the shroud lines in mine twisted. I fixed them up and didn't let on. Thought I'd clear out tonight so I wouldn't make him face it! I should have told him before I took off! I never thought of this! He thinks he's got the chute with the twisted shroud lines."

The plane was circling overhead with Bill still clinging to the trapeze. He knew that he could never climb back into the plane and he thought a drop meant death. Through the glasses I could see him clearly. I've never seen such a look of terror in any man's face in all my life.

As I lowered the glasses, I saw Jimmy running like mad over to the photographer's plane. The pilot was just stepping out. Jimmy yelled at him to hop back in, then he spun the propeller.

After the plane was up, we saw that Jimmy was going to crawl out on one of the wings. The pilot kept climbing higher and higher.

"Jimmy's going to try and make Bill savvy that the chute's all right!" I shouted to the gang. "The crazy lunatic!"

The crowd in the grandstand seemed to understand that something had gone wrong. They sat there frozen, not making a sound, their eyes on those two planes circling around each other. I was darned glad for those field glasses. I could see exactly what was happening.

I nearly dropped dead myself when those two planes came so close I could of sworn they were going to lock wings. Jimmy, clinging perilously at the very tip of the wing, was signaling to Bill to jump, and shouting above the roar of the motors. The pilot on Bill's ship knew there was some trouble, but there wasn't a blooming thing that he could do. He didn't have a hell of a lot of gas, but he kept circling around and around, waiting for Bill to drop. Bill waved to Jimmy.

The kid, the pilot told us later, was sure he had gotten it over to Bill that his chute was O. K. He crawled back and told his own pilot to land.

BUT after he got down, Jimmy nearly went nuts again. There was Bill still clinging to the trapeze as if he'd froze to it.

"God!" Jimmy raved, "he didn't believe me! I've got to go up again!"

We grabbed hold of him. "No, you don't!" we shouted. "You can't walk that wing again."

"Let me go!" He fought us off, and ran back to the plane. When the pilot refused to take him up, Jimmy jumped into the cockpit himself, taxied across the field, and pulled her up like a scared lark.

"He'll be killed, sure!" somebody yelled in the stands. We were all sunk.

By the time Jimmy got within five hundred feet of Bill's plane, the latter was circling for a landing. It was evident that the ship was out of gas and was coming down with Bill still hanging on to the trapeze. My stomach turned over. Much as I disliked Bill, and though he'd set this trap for Jimmy, I couldn't bear to see him caught in it.

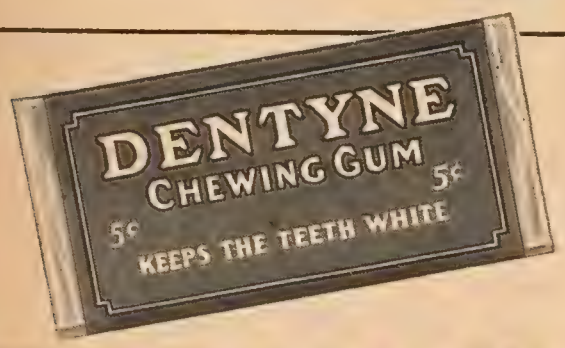
THE crowd couldn't make out what was happening, and started screaming again. When the plane was about three hundred feet above the ground, Bill jumped. I guess he figured he'd rather take a chance of dropping to death than be dragged by the plane. Numbed by his terror, he fell a hundred feet before some instinct made him pull the ring in his chute. I saw his face when the parachute opened, and I'm telling you it was ghastly as death itself. Though he knew that he was too near the ground not to get hurt, he fought like hell to maneuver his chute for an open spot. He hit the ground with frightful force and was dragged over the field by the strong wind.

We rushed to him. When we picked him up, he was unconscious; his back was broken. He died on the way to the hospital. I guess he was a darned sight better off. If he'd lived, he could never have walked again.

Well, we sent flowers to Bill's funeral. It was the thing to do, though it didn't mean much to us. But, boy, what a kick we got out of sending flowers to Claire and Jimmy when those two kids announced their engagement a year later!

THE END

"DENTYNE SCORES DOUBLE
—FOR MOUTH HEALTH—
FOR WONDERFUL FLAVOR"



Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Charles Mendl).
2—At mineral springs in Epsom, English resort and home of the Derby.
3—These are respectively Japanese, French, and Spanish names for Mickey Mouse.
4—Those in Alaska.
5—Its diameter.
6—About 40,000.
7—The eel.
8—Fencing.
9—Exodus 28: 42, 43—"And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach: And they shall be upon Aaron, and upon his sons."
10—One general.
11—Earl Browder, candidate of the Communist Party of the United States.
12—From one to two years old.
13—Cotton.
14—Fredric March, talking-picture luminary.
15—Argyrol and bismuth. Alodium, although spelled correctly, is not a mineral.
16—John D. Rockefeller, Sr.
17—The tipple.
18—Ragweed (goldenrod being a lesser cause).
19—"General" Jacob S. Coxey, who recently withdrew as a Presidential candidate to support Representative William Lemke.
20—

Theodore Roosevelt

A BASHFUL BARBER STEPS OUT

New and Engaging Nonsense from an Old Laugh Factory—and Some Items in Other Moods in the Week's Picture Parade

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

★ ★ ½ MISTER CINDERELLA

THE PLAYERS: Jack Haley, Betty Furness, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade, Rosina Lawrence, Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Lockhart, Edward Brophy, Charlotte Wynters, Tom Dugan, John Hyams, Leila McIntyre. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Story by Jack Jevne.

THE Hal Roach Studios, producer of Laurel & Hardy, Charley Chase, and Our Gang Comedies, has long been the stronghold of the two-reel comedy. But since the double feature, animated cartoons, and various prize nights have taken all the space on the programs, there is no longer any room for these brief offerings.

In turning to the feature-length field, Roach presents Mister Cinderella, and if it is an example of what is to come from this laugh factory, then audiences will find a source of new amusement.

Taking the well worn mistaken-identity theme and shaking it giddily and humorously for seven reels, the producers have made Mister Cinderella into an old-fashioned but effective comedy that makes a vigorously unsubtle attack on the mirth centers. In this, the shy Jack Haley is seen as a wistful barber whose heroes are those of the social world. When the wealthy inebriated scion of a Boston family is unable to accept an invitation to a swank week-end party, the bashful barber is pressed into service. And, disguised as a playboy socialite, he makes a resounding entrance to the setting of his rotogravure heroes.

Betty Furness and Jack Haley as seen in the comedy hit, Mister Cinderella.

From there on Mister Cinderella races through a complicated plot that ties itself in endless snarls. But, with the accent on robust comedy rather than on lucid story-telling, the antics supply an enjoyable evening of straightforward fun. And since the director is given such deft comedians as Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Robert McWade, Edward Brophy, and Kathleen Lockhart, you may be sure that Mister Cinderella affords just cause for loud guffaws.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hal Roach Slapstick Factory workers held studio golf tourney during this one, in which balls that exploded, balls wired into the ground, balls made of marshmallow and putty, balls that shot off tee in googly whorls were used; firecrackers went off when important shots were being made; and clubs came to pieces at critical moments. Further hazards were caddies who sneered; imaginative scorekeepers; picnickers who refused to budge from greens. Jack Haley won a ton of coal as prize. . . . Jack found trouble in becoming a comic at first because he was thought too good-looking and stylish in the outer coating. He messed up a little and made good. . . . Arthur (Pip) Treacher believes himself a male Cinderella because his uncle's wife's brother, England's famous Mr. Charles Cochran, took him out of the chorus of something called Maggie and got him started on the road to win the buttle of Life. Treacher's veddy British and dry as a fountain of wit offscreen; a very professional bachelor; was almost a barrister; has the middle name Veary; was born in Brighton, England; had twenty-three jobless months in New York once—didn't like it. . . . Kathleen Lockhart keeps thin by bending to retrieve two dozen ping-pong balls her champion husband Gene uses while he keeps stout playing game. . . . Everybody on lot got free haircuts during barbershop scenes, until Jack Haley took a razor to the throat of unsuspecting Director Sedgwick relaxed in chair for a once-over, eyes shut. . . . Raymond Fats Walburn believes Cinderella was born and raised in Hollywood; that the pumpkins are the producers, the fairy godfathers the New York bankers. Walburn's of Plymouth, Indiana. . . . That's the Spreckels mansion they use and that's famous Coronado Beach. The manse was rented only under terrific urging and guaranties by Hal Roach, the present millionaire owner newspaperman Col. Ira Copley not caring to have his priceless tapestries and old masters smeared up with flung custard pie. Under circs, company couldn't really let out, so did no damage. . . . Director Ed Sedgwick tried out as catcher for New York Giants in 1906; didn't make it; remembers ball averages from way, way back; came out with old Lubin Company in 1913. Has written about 60 movies and directed 103 and despite 23 years in filmart still has his disillusions.

★ ★ ½ GIVE ME YOUR HEART

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, George Brent, Roland Young, Patric Knowles, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Helen Flint, Halliwell Hobbes, Zeffie Tilbury, Elspeth Dudgeon. Directed by Archie Mayo. From the play by Jay Mallory.

FRUSTRATED mother love is the theme of Give Me Your Heart, Warners' well mannered, leisurely paced film. A restrained, sleekly articulate study of thwarted lives, this is a picture of moods rather than action. And though it is at times rather dull, there is a quietly powerful emotion about the whole thoughtful affair that should appeal to a great number of women.

Set in a charmingly photographed English countryside and with all the players behaving with the utmost politeness, Give Me Your Heart has languorous Kay Francis as the sentimental miss whose liaison with the man next door results in her becoming a mother. Her social status further complicated by the stern fact that the man (Patric Knowles) is married to an invalid whom he loves, Miss Francis leaves her child and comes to America.

With this setup, the picture devotes itself to showing—in a great deal of talk—her struggle to reconcile herself to having abandoned the baby to her lover's sickly wife. Now married to a prosperous American (George Brent), and her happiness marred by this grim shadow of her past, the errant Miss Francis gives the film its big moment when she returns to the scene of her moral lapse.

Quietness is the keynote of Give Me Your Heart. Well played throughout, the groomed performances of Frieda

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Inescort, Roland Young, and Henry Stephenson assist the long-suffering star in providing gently tearful diversion.

VITAL STATISTICS: Kay Francis has all the men working on the set around her knocked goofy-eyed with her beauty. Mushy Callahan, former ring champ and now prop boy at Warners, caught gazing dreamily at her by George Brent, said rapturously, to cover: "Is there any one you'd like me to poke inna nose for you, Miss Francis?" Kay hates artificial acting; thinks the day of the actress's bag of tricks passé because the camera demands naturalness, hence it takes little experience these days to become successful overnight if you have emotional honesty. Kay has three rabbits that answer to her whistle and Delmer Daves as a boy friend. She's got herself a new soundproof air-cooled dressing room for relaxing. Kay has her autograph tattooed on the chest of a French sailor. Ah, zees Franchies! Cries before cameras at will without onions or glycerin, but has blubbering hang-over afterwards. Cries very little otherwise. Kay's tastes are simple compared to her swank exterior: drives her own car, eschews big parties, likes a few friends intimately rather than a legion wholesalely. . . . George Brent's become the Hermit of Encino, walking alone with his dogs nights, talking to them, or taking in the stars in heaven—not the expensive divine kind. Says it's stupid to conjecture he's doing this because he's been linked with Garbo—says he does it because he vants to be alone. . . . Tookie Trigg actually slept through that lovely gush scene 'twixt Francis and Flint. Ask this three-year-old male Shirley what he wants most and he'll answer, "A contract!" . . . Inescort was once sektry to Lady Astor and Francis to Mrs. Vanderbilt, so the gals took the rich over a little. Inescort also wrote book blurbs for Putnam's. . . . R. Young is getting sick of faithful-friend parts; wants to hold the heroine's hand instead of patting it—or even bite it in heavy parts. . . . Patric Knowles is a bit of Yorkshire pudden; got imported from Warners' London Teddington Stujos for Light Brigade work; has been married for eight long, long months. . . . Helen Flint was teddibly jittery playing the lady doctor. . . . Warner studios are echoing with British accents ever since this bit of British hoichty-toichty.

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★ ★ ½ PEPPER

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, Irvin S. Cobb, Slim Summerville, Dean Jagger, Muriel Roberts, Ivan Lebedeff, George Humbert, Maurice Cass, Romaine Callender, Tommy Bupp. Directed by James Tinling. Story by Lamar Trotti.

THE home of Shirley Temple, Twentieth Century-Fox studios, is also the home of gamin Jane Withers, whose latest film, Pepper, is one of her typically boisterous items of bouncing merriment. Behaving with her customary gusto, the pie-faced Jane accomplishes no end of good by her benevolent busybodying.

Among her favorites is a confirmed

hypochondriac, Irvin S. Cobb, whom she cures with a steady diet of ice-cream cones, hamburgers, and rides on Coney Island coasters. Others to receive the rough Withers's blessing are young lovers Dean Jagger and Muriel Roberts, whose romance has been threatened by smoothly menacing Ivan Lebedeff.

In its broad outline Pepper is just antiquated hokum; but in its enthusiastic telling the picture is alive with fun. The high point is reached, I feel, in that scene where Slim Summerville, Irvin Cobb, and Jane harmonize a hillbilly lament.

The picture will entertain adults as well as the children for whom the show is pointed.

VITAL STATISTICS: To satisfy fan clamor, Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop—otherwise mopsyish Jane Withers—is let to run wild in this. What Jane labeled fun Irv Cobb labeled torture, and after enduring six weeks of stooging Jane's scriptual and offscene pranks, Cobb praised Jane's charm and pep, then immediately retired to the Arizona desert "to regain his peace of mind." Also to start a novel. The Paducah Prophet lost twelve pounds during Pepper making; is not anxious to regain them. The twin babies used in this cried every time they saw Cobb's face. Cobb sprained his back sliding down that chute-the-chute. Hardest thing for him to bear: He was hit amidships by 350-pound woman hurtling off amusement-park slide, knocked into blissful Kentucky wonderment—then scene was left on cutting-room floor in entirety. . . . Director James Tinling, former ball pitcher and stunt man, tossed most of Jane's ripe tomatoes, doctored with an injection of photographable goo; but it was Jane herself who knocked the monocle out of slick villain Ivan Lebedeff's eye. . . . For years Slim Summerville has had a cracked flat voice. They've let him sing in several pictures now. The voice is still coyotelike, but Slim's beginning to believe in its thrushlike qualities. Slim started life as a pool shark. Native of Ventura, California, angered him one night, and, instead of making it a close victory, Slim ran off fifteen balls in a row without letting his opponent get a cue on the felt. They ran Slim out of town. His father heard about it, and Slim, then not eighteen, got the kind of hiding a railroad engineer knows how to give. Slim hasn't shot pool since. His passion's surf casting, and he lives in a cottage at Hermosa Beach, on the water's edge, so's he can cast right from his bedroom window. . . . Dean Jagger is a Tobacco Road worker; a Lima-Ohio bean; a Wabash Universityite; a Hollywood lover; and a good actor. . . . Gentle Lamar Trotti is one-man writing factory at Twentieth-Fox Western Avenue plant, doing everything from studio signs to colossal superepics.

★ ½ SUZY

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, Lewis Stone, Benita Hume, Reginald Mason, Inez Courtney, Greta Meyer, David Clyde, Christian Rub, George Spelvin, Una O'Connor, Charles Judels, Theodore von Eltz. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. From the novel by Herbert Gorman.

ONE of M-G-M's lavish productions, Suzy is expensively mounted, handsomely dressed, and features a cast of favorites. Unfortunately all this visual display decorates a wartime story so seething with bewildering coincidents and inaccuracies that the picture destroys what believable moments it might have had.

The plot, which is complicated enough already, has been distorted to exploit the special talents of its star. In this, Miss Harlow is seen as an American chorus girl stranded in London, who quickly marries a mechanical wizard, played by Franchot Tone. While she is still what is delicately called a bride in name only, her husband is calmly shot by a beautiful woman. And the impulsive Miss Harlow, believing him to be dead, runs away to France.

There she marries the ace of the French air force. The crack flyer, nicely played by Cary Grant, is as deadly to women as he is to German planes. And in one of his fleeting amours he runs into the woman who shot Mr. Tone. This sophisticated deadeye (Benita Hume) turns out to be a spy. And when Tone comes to the front, he exposes her, and she shoots Grant in an odd bit of left-handed revenge.

The picture ends before Harlow attracts any more living targets for Miss Hume, but the plot keeps swinging in circles, often meeting itself on the way back.

Lewis Stone emerges with a quietly effective performance and Miss Harlow agreeably sings a number called Did I Remember?

VITAL STATISTICS: If you look close you can see air scenes used in the first air epic, Wings; and if you look closer you can see scenes played in Legion of the Condemned. . . . Hoib Gorman's serious, pretentiously intellectual dramatic book pretty well mauled over for this—Franchot Tone character built up. . . . That's an Irish accent Franchot puts on, in case you don't recognize it and think Franch always seems on verge of swallowing a set of false teeth. Franch studied the accent by mail course with Irish correspondence school. . . . After spending thousands on research work to get war period correct in this, Harlow comes out of houses dressed to the teeth in 1936 style, and steps into 1914 jollopies! Jean is now officially Jean Harlow by court order. Jean was born in Kansas City; was educated in private schools; in Chicago ran away at sixteen to marry. Hollywood got her in time, fate directing. First starring picture was Hell's Angels, when she started platinum-blonde era. Now she's restored hair to natural color, brought in the brownette era. Today she's 5 feet 3, three times married, weighs 109, has blue-gray eyes, considered by George Fitzmaurice most beautifully sensitive on screen. . . . Cary Grant wants to be hated on the screen but won't marry for five years. Opines it's wiser to wait a few years before taking the great plunge, then to wait some more before having children. Calls this divorce insurance. He's Bristol, England, born, son of a clothing mfr.; his real name's Archie Leach; and he's been divorced. . . . The Tones are very lost in music still, each learning to sing op. They're rapidly becoming very Fredric Marchian in intellectual pursuits, avoiding politics of course. . . . Metro seems to have a habit of taking all visiting Englishwomen (heroines all for Lloyd George) and making heavies of them. Benita Hume is current examp. . . . "Ay, there's the Christian Rub!" is the gag when said Rub is called and found resting somewhere behind a set, snoozing. . . . George Fitzmaurice is an old-line director of the Artistic School as against the ex-Blacksmith School. He has a baronial mansion in Bevhills so big you can play polo in it. . . . Mary Garden, visiting set, spoiled take when she suddenly said in loud voice: "Why, it's Stanley Morner!" She had recognized protegé Morner, whom she discovered singing in Chicago's Palmer House.

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★★★★—Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

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★★★—My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest.

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PAUL MUNI Becomes

The Inside Story of the Patient, Painstaking Plans Behind the Birth of a New, Strange Role for the Screen's Most Serious Actor

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN his twenty-eight years in the theater, Paul Muni has played four hundred different roles and worn more than two hundred and fifty different make-ups.

Now he has gone Chinese in a big way in Irving Thalberg's biggest picture, The Good Earth. And, like the good trouper that he is, he has acquired a Chinaman's queue, a Chinaman's walk, and a Chinaman's accent—the very same nee-how-mar, boo-lun-nar-goor, hot-potato accent your laundryman uses when he hands you your shirts.

To obtain these Oriental attributes, and otherwise to get himself up in the part of Wang Lung, Muni spent four months in San Francisco's Chinatown and other Celestial high spots along the Pacific coast, living the life of a typical Chinaman from morning until night.

When he returned to Hollywood, a motion picture was no longer a motion picture, it was a *yeng-pien;* and if he liked it, it was *ding-howe,* very good!

No player in Hollywood, except possibly Charles Laughton, takes such pains as Muni does to get into a character. Perhaps that is why he and Laughton are Hollywood's most successful character actors! Anyhow, in this picture Muni's meticulousness is having full rein; for the man who is producing The Good Earth is quite as meticulous as he—and even more patient.

It's going on three years now since Irving Thalberg started to put The Good Earth into celluloid—three years at just about a million dollars a year—and if he doesn't get to the locust scene this summer, he won't be able to finish the picture for another seventeen years.

He feels they should have imported some nice fresh locusts direct from China—and they would have if the Department of Agriculture hadn't forcibly restrained them!

At first there was some doubt as to the propriety of allowing Muni or any other white actor to play Wang Lung. The idea was to use an all-Chinese cast; and with that aim in view, Metro spent months testing almost every male actor in California and a great many in China for the leading role.

They did find a Chinese actress for O-lan, Wang's wife, and imported her all the way across the Pacific. But when the plan changed to white principals, Soo Yong—that was her name—lost out.

One of the few Chinese stars left in the picture is Soo Hoo, six months old, who has earned the right to be called the best baby in pictures. She hasn't spoiled a single scene—and that is more than can be said for the best of her elders. Luise Rainer, who succeeded to the O-lan part, calls her "One-take Betty."

The introduction of a few white principals into a predominatingly yellow cast brought up new problems. Mr. Will Hays is very sensitive on the subject of miscegenation in films. Not only is he thumbs down on a white character being married to a yellow one, but he won't permit a white actor playing a yellow role to be married—in the picture, I mean—to a yellow actress playing a yellow role, or vice versa. Muni and Luise Rainer were O. K. They were both Caucasians, albeit of different breeds. But down the line, among the minor characters, the casting difficulties were considerable.

Another of Thalberg's dreams was actually to make the picture in China. He went so far as to send Director George Hill, Frances Marion's one-time husband, to China to select locations. But the problem of operation on so huge a scale so far from home was a monumental one.

Sydney Smilin' Thru-Barretts Franklin, the present director, so far has had nothing but the happy conditions under which great pictures are made. He has been told to forget all about taking scenes in China, to choose the actors he needs, either Oriental or Occidental, and he has six months' shooting time in which to complete the production.

Into this atmosphere of patient determination, where there is time and opportunity for the working out of every detail, Paul Muni fits like the traditional glove. Always a stickler for make-up, his Wang Lung tops anything he has ever attempted. He appears on the screen at nine different periods of Wang Lung's life, from youth to old age, and in nine different steps in the Chinese farmer's climb from poverty to riches. These changes are achieved not by the ordinary processes of make-up but by facial inlays which take on the character of masks.

The making of these masks has required much experimenting with chemicals and other substances, the effect of which on the human face is, or was, somewhat problematical. Of course it wouldn't do for the valuable Muni features to be exposed to infection, so the studio dug out Dutch Petit, who used to be Dick Barthelmess's stand-in back in the days when Dick was breaking hearts in Broken Blossoms. Dutch is Paul's face-in now. His job is to wear each mask ten hours. If he lives, they give it to Muni.

There was a report in Hollywood that Muni had shaved his head for the part, and that when the picture was seven weeks late in starting, he had to stay home for fear people would take him for Peter Lorre. This report turned out to be somewhat exaggerated. Muni's bald head goes on and off like a wig, but it is so lifelike that when he tried it on the studio gatekeeper, he was refused admission to the lot until he had positively identified himself.

Whether Wang Lung is his first Chinese role, even Muni can't remember; but it seems reasonable to suppose that in any such *tour de théâtre* as he has executed, he could hardly have missed *any* port of call.

He began his international career at a very early date, first by getting himself born on Austrian soil to Yiddish parents; later by touring every country in Europe and landing in New York before he was five.

The Weisenfreunds—that was the family name—were strolling players. In America they did a short turn between flickers in the primitive five-and-ten picture houses of the first years of the century. Philip and Sally, the parents, did the acting. Their two older sons furnished the musical accompaniment. Baby Muni went along as a passenger. The whole troupe got thirty-five a week.

Father Weisenfreund wanted his youngest son to become a musician like his brothers. He even bought him a violin, and skimped to get him lessons. But there came a time in Cleveland when the Weisenfreunds had to change their act. The new script called for an old man of sixty-five. They couldn't afford to get a third actor, so they got the "baby."

a Heathen Chinese

Paul Muni as Wang Lung, a Chinese farmer, and Luise Rainer as his wife, O-lan. At the right: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni in private life.

Muni Weisenfreund was twelve then. Naturally, after playing a man sixty-five years old, the boy Muni wouldn't go back to short pants. He wouldn't go back to his violin lessons, either; and when he told his father he didn't want to be a musician; he wanted to be an actor, the poor man felt so badly he broke the violin in two. Paul says he can see that scene today. The father died soon after that; and two years later the troupe broke up.

By 1915 young Muni Weisenfreund was on his own.

In the next ten years he played everything from Ibsen to Minsky. It was while he was doing a juggling act in a burlesque show that he met the greatest juggler of his time, W. C. Fields.

"My boy," Bill said to him after the show, "I'm afraid you'll never make a juggler."

"Why, Mr. Fields?"

"Because your eyes are too sad."

How true the jester's words! As Muni himself has said, in the theater the eyes have it. Duse, with the most eloquent eyes in the history of histrionism, played young girls when she was dying of old age. Bernhardt, with the most blindingly brilliant eyes known to womankind, played L'Aiglon when she was a crippled grandmother.

THAT conversation changed Muni Weisenfreund's whole life. Back he went, with a new seriousness, to his old-man character parts; and, although he has played every kind of dramatic role since that day, he has almost invariably appeared on the sad side.

He longs to do a slapstick comedy, just to prove to himself that he *can* be funny. He despairs of proving it to anybody else because, so far as his public is concerned, the mark of those sad eyes is on him.

"It has been my misfortune," he says, "to play things that require so much strangulation."

Soon he was doing his old men in Maurice Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theater in New York. This organization was to the Jewish stage what the Theater Guild is to the English-speaking one. It gave young Weisenfreund just the opportunity he needed. Even the pushcart vendors along Grand Street sang his praises.

Sam Harris, once a Grand Street boy himself, tooled down the Bowery to see this new idol of the ghetto, and straightway hired him for an old-man part in We Americans. To everybody's surprise, the character man ran away with the show. John Golden then stepped in and cast him in a straight role in Four Walls. It was the first time he had ever appeared on a stage without beard, wig, or putty nose. He felt naked. Winnie Sheehan, then head man at Fox, saw him in this condition, Hollywooded him, rechristened him Paul Muni, and cast him in The Valiant and Seven Faces.

This was in 1929. Movies were just beginning to be heard as well as seen. Muni's brilliance and sensitiveness were quite lost on the crude sound appliances of that day. It wasn't until his triumphant return several years later in the unforgettable Scarface that the movie public took him to its heart.

Muni didn't like Scarface. He didn't want to play it. He still considers it one of his poorest efforts. Yet the picture made him cinematographically, just as it made George Raft, Ann Dvorak, and Karen Morley.

After Scarface came I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang—and everybody was happy. Muni still considers it his best picture. Bordertown and Black Fury added greatly to his popularity. The Story of Louis Pasteur put him at the top.

With his record for versatility—in his brief film career he has already played an Italian, a Frenchman, a Jew, a Spaniard, a German, a Mexican, a Pole, a cockney, and a Negro—it is not surprising to find him these summer days in the shadow of the Great Wall of China, which Metro's hired men have literally dug out of the California hills, struggling, along with two thousand others, to give flesh-

and-blood reality to this mighty saga of farm life in the Orient.

Obviously, if Thalberg couldn't go to China to make his picture, the next best thing to do was to bring China to him; and that is what he did. For nearly two years now, China has been arriving in crates. Whole farms have been bought, and transported, with everything on them—houses, furniture, tools, irrigation systems, live stock—straight to Hollywood. The plows, barrows, hoes, flails, water wheels, and harrows shown in the picture have all seen actual service on north China farms.

To import the Great Wall, the brooding background against which the drama of Mrs. Buck's story must be played, was another matter. Even to build a likeness of it presented almost unsolvable problems both for the antiquarian and the engineer. Nobody knows how it was built in the first place, so how could anybody know how to build it again today?

Well, somebody had a bright idea. About thirty miles from Hollywood, in Chatsworth, rises a range of mountains from a level plain, much as the Great Wall of China rises from the flat Mongolian terrain. Presently a great battery of steam shovels and pneumatic hammers began carving into the sides of those Chatsworth hills, until they became as perpendicular and as awe-inspiring as the mighty monument they are designed to represent.

In front of this monumental backdrop lie the farms of Wang Lung and his friends, five hundred acres of them, one hundred planted in the Chinese style, with narrow contours, about two feet wide, marking off rectangular plots of rice, wheat, leeks, gourds, and other typical Oriental plantings.

Here are the little farms of the first chapters of the story, with their scattered huts and shacks; here are the larger farms surrounding the farm villages to which the characters move as they grow more prosperous; lastly, here is the walled town where they sought protection from the ever-present bandits.

All of which is by way of showing that others besides Muni have been conscientiously working for many months to make The Good Earth a success.

But it doesn't make much difference how many millions the movie magnates spend, the picture won't be any good unless Muni is good.

In short, Muni Weisenfreund, born to a strolling player's heritage, juggler in burlesque shows, for twenty years of trouping the man nobody knew, a failure in Hollywood when stuffed shirts were expanding in the squeakie breeze, holds the fate of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's three-million-dollar investment in his two long, thin, sinewy hands.

I HAVE said something about his thoroughness in preparing himself for a role. You ought to see him rehearse it—not for the director; for himself.

He lies for hours on his back on a couch in his San Fernando ranch house, speaking his lines into the dictaphone beside him. Next, he plays them back, noting every word, every phrase, criticizing every emphasis, every accent. Then, when he feels that he has the vocals under control, he jumps to his feet and throws in the gestures, still talking to the dictaphone.

Of course you don't get the gestures, the subtle pieces of business, in the playbacks, but you do get the timing, the indescribable excitement that come only from the work of the true dramatic artist.

Artist, that is the word for him!

"Old-fashioned as it may seem," he once said, "I am one of those persons who still feel that acting is an art."

And what kind of man is this artist of the make-believe when he takes off his bald head and his queue and his Dutch Petit-tested Chinese masks, and goes home to his missis in old Van Nuys?

Well, he's usually a tired man. Physically, Muni is not so big and husky as he looks on the screen. Five feet nine he is, almost a hundred and sixty-five pounds, nervous, wiry, able to give to the limit; then he's through. In the run of a stage play he loses twenty pounds. After every picture he is in bed for a week.

"I have no small talk," he gives as an excuse for not mingling with the Hollywood throng.

"Garbo man" they call him, because he keeps himself to himself. But he is different from Garbo. He takes his acting seriously, not himself. When he has finished his stint, he has no strength for parties, and no desire. He never goes to previews. Only once has he been to the Cocoanut Grove. When he heads for the studio exit, and somebody bound for the Trocadero bar calls out convivially, "Hey, Muni, where are you going?" his answer is apt to be:

"Home. Do you know of any better place?"

And yet, until the Munis came to Hollywood, Paul and Bella never had a real home. Bella is small and slim and pretty. She was an actress in the Yiddish Art Theater when he met her. She played opposite him then, and she has played opposite him ever since; but not on screen or stage.

When he is doing a picture she is invariably on the side lines. The only thing she draws the line at is watching him play love scenes—with another woman. In all other takes, she is the last person he looks at before he goes into his act, the first one he goes to after the scene to find out if he is good or bad.

Bella always tells him the truth. She has been doing that now for fifteen years—telling the truth to an actor! —and she is still his wife. That shows you something about Bella, and about Paul.

BELLA WEISENFREUND could tell you many other things about Paul. For one thing, he is a bad sleeper. He keeps a radio by his bed, and turns on the music at all hours of the night on the theory it's soothing. Bella doesn't seem to mind. But she does mind Paul's dictionaries. He has four hundred and fifty of them in all conceivable languages. For years, jumping about from hotel room to hotel room, Bella has packed and repacked those dictionaries. Always she asks:

"Paul dear, do I have to take the big ones this time?"

And always he answers, "Yes."

Otherwise they are an exceptionally happy couple—even for Hollywood, where, contrary to the general belief, marriage sometimes reaches a very fine flower.

He is not a restful man, Muni. When he talks to you, he sits first on one chair and then another. He kneads his nervous hands, one into the other, as if he were trying to keep from throwing them up in the air to emphasize what he is saying. But he is no gloom. As he talks, his sad eyes grow kindly. His wide humorous mouth throws his whole face into an explosion of tiny crinkles. He is laughing and chatting as the man next door might be doing. But always underneath you feel the fire.

Annoyed beyond words he is when people assume, because he has appeared in so many stories as a champion of the poor and downtrodden, that he is a propagandist.

"My politics," he says, "is the business of acting. Nothing else matters. It may sound dull, but really I am not concerned with Communism or capitalism. Not concerned and not worried. If Communism comes along, swell. If Fascism, it's all right by me. I'll take my chances with the other fellow. My work is the theater."

His private life is not grim. He likes checkers, shooting galleries, stationery stores—if all the rubber bands he has bought were laid end to end, they would snap around the world!—prize fights, concerts, Navaho rugs, pewter coffeepots, New England inns, Gorky, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and dunking rolls in coffee.

He also likes his pets: an English foxhound, whose aristocratic traits he is always having to explain to the more conventional dog fanciers of Hollywood; two Airedales, who speak for themselves; and, currently, a trained grasshopper. He also likes hot chocolate with a double portion of whipped cream, cottage cheese with vegetables chopped up in it, and scrambled eggs; and, I forgot to say, Beethoven and Bach.

He doesn't like golf, tennis, horseback riding, any so-called gentleman's game. He has a rotten memory: writes things in a little book, lays the pages on the floor by the door so he will step on them as he goes out. In short, he is a complex, provocative, fascinating regular fellow—and, lest we forget, a great artist.

Damn clever, these Chinese!

THE END

The CASE NEW JERSEY Would Like To FORGET

The Amazing Story of John Hughes Curtis, Now for the First Time Revealed in Detail—Was He a "Hoaxer," as Was Said, or Is the Lindbergh Mystery Still Unsolved?

by C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JOHN HUGHES CURTIS—according to the story he told Mr. Fisher in the Flemington jail—wondered which Scandinavian in the gang he had looked over could have been Jafsie Condon's "John," and concluded that the gang's own John came nearest to fitting the description. When he met these men again, John boasted that it had indeed been he who had received the "fifty grand" from Jafsie, and he and two others each exhibited $500 in bills. Curtis checked these by the list of Lindbergh ransom bills' numbers. They tallied. When told of that, Colonel Lindbergh dropped his stipulations and co-operated. But he insisted that the baby be recovered at sea by boat; Curtis's idea had been to use a plane. The gang took Curtis to see their schooner, fourteen miles offshore. (Later he was able to describe her in detail.) He worked out a wireless code with them.

He and Lindbergh put to sea beyond Block Island in a little trawler, hastily located and arranged for. No contact was effected within the time limit set by the gang. The next attempt was made from Norfolk. Lindbergh picked a spot off the Virginia capes as rendezvous, and he and Curtis, with Edwin Bruce and Lieutenant Richard, put out in the yacht Marcon. This time they had wireless, but they had fog and a raging gale to contend with. Though navy planes more than once spotted likely-looking schooners near the Marcon, no contact was effected, and at last even Lindbergh admitted that the storm-tossed yacht must give it up.

After reaching shore, Curtis learned that the gang's schooner had broken down and limped in for repairs.

Colonel Lindbergh and Edwin Bruce, friend of Curtis, who helped search for the baby.

PART FOUR—A MESSAGE IN CODE

THERE was no use putting out to sea while the kidnap boat was undergoing repairs. On the other hand, Colonel Lindbergh didn't wish to go ashore, where he would almost surely be recognized. The town was still Lindbergh-crazy. So there was nothing to do but stay on the boat and cruise about, hoping for news from Larsen.

Admiral Burrage came on board several times with his son-in-law Barton Myers, to call on Colonel Lindbergh. On one of these occasions Lindbergh said that the Curtis clue was the only one that he was working on at the time, and he felt sure that Curtis was in contact, if not with the actual kidnapers, with people who knew all about it. He said the same things to Captain Whiting of the naval base, who was a frequent caller.

During this waiting period the quartet was not only friendly but often jovial. Lindbergh was the ringleader in the boyish pranks which helped to pass the time and ease the strain of suspense. He played so many tricks on Bruce and Richard that they were forced to keep their cabin locked. One day, though, the Colonel found a skeleton key which enabled him to enter the room and throw a bucket of water on the sleeping Richard. Another time he dressed up in some ridiculous yachting costumes. He never ceased kidding Curtis about his old brown hat, but when Curtis finally threw it into the sea, nothing would do but that they should turn back and get it; and Lindbergh himself made the rescue.

"After he gave my soft hat that wetting," Curtis said, "I came on board wearing a derby. He never let up on that one, and more or less organized the others to gang up on me. One night I noticed the derby on the floor. As I stooped to pick it up, they all three jumped on it. I made them buy me a new hat—which is about all I have to show for the whole affair."

First names were the order of the day, except that in Lindbergh's case the name Axel was used instead of Charles. Axel was the code name he used in communicating with Schwarzkopf, who was addressed as Blackburn. He communicated with Schwarzkopf every day, and received code reports from him as to progress at home. He would translate these for his companions' benefit. They were usually to the effect that there were no clues.

Reporters interviewing Dean Peacock. Curtis said such interviews, as published, made Colonel Lindbergh angry.

Once Schwarzkopf reported that Curtis had sold out to a New York newspaper. There is, of course, no word of truth in such a statement. John Hughes Curtis never received a nickel from anybody as a result of his participation in the Lindbergh case.

Colonel Lindbergh seemed particularly pleased when Schwarzkopf reported that they had located the leak through which the Associated Press was getting so much inside information. The Colonel also said that he had instructed Schwarzkopf to say that he, Lindbergh, didn't take any stock in the Curtis clues, so as to throw the press off the track as to his activities.

The Colonel showed himself, so Curtis told me, just as bitter against the entire press as he is reputed to be. He blamed them especially for their unwillingness to suppress the news of his having paid the ransom through Jafsie. He also felt sure his telephone wires had been tapped. Besides, he criticized two lawyers who, he felt, had given unnecessary publicity to certain clues that had looked promising. And he was especially annoyed at Dean Peacock for his interviews in the press.

Poor dean! The Colonel little knew how every utterance of these worthy Norfolk citizens, unaccustomed to the ways of big-city sensational newspapers, had been garbled, exaggerated, or even improvised.

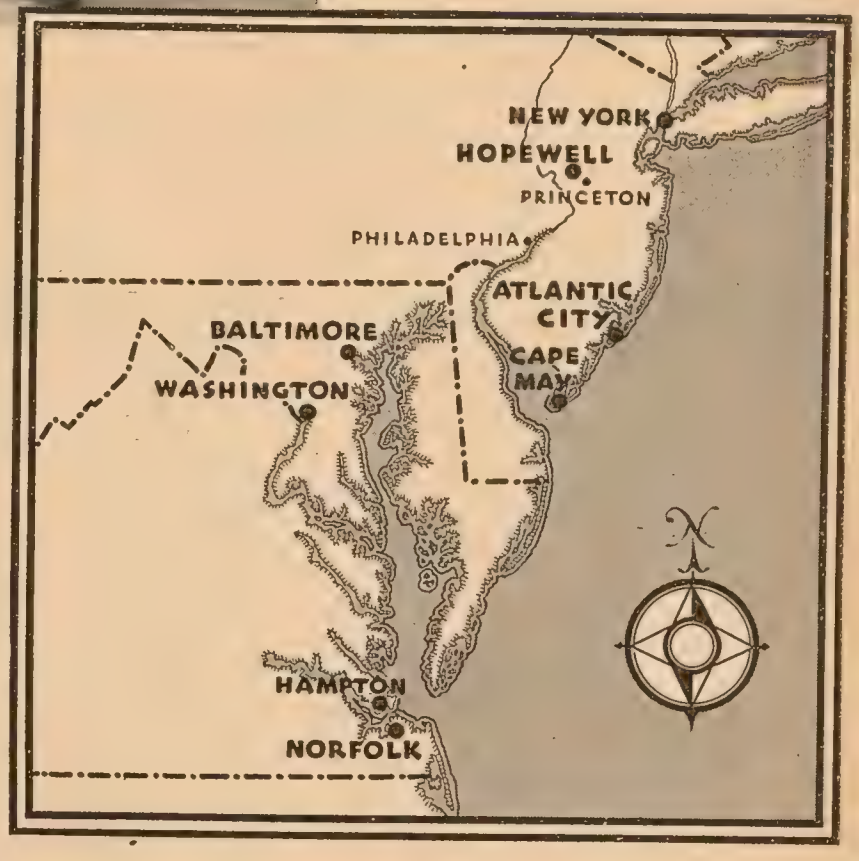
"We didn't talk much about the kidnapers," Curtis told me. "Rather avoided the subject, in fact. I felt that Larsen and Sam were in one group and John, Eric, and Nils in another. The way I figured it, the latter group planned the crime. Needing a boat, they had enlisted Larsen's services, and he had consulted with the worldly-wise Sam. Lindbergh agreed, and he felt, as I did, that we had less to fear from Larsen and Sam than from the other three."

For long hours at a stretch, however, Colonel Lindbergh seemed to be able to dismiss the whole kidnaping affair from his thoughts. On one occasion when the conversation drifted back to it, Curtis said he exclaimed, "Oh, hell, let's play cards!"

Most times he seems to have been successful in getting his mind off the terrible period through which he had just been living. He told them, Curtis said, in great detail about his trip in the Spirit of St. Louis, about his narrow escape when he lost a wheel when landing with Mrs. Lindbergh in Mexico, about his experiences in China and Alaska. He spoke highly of Miss Amelia Earhart as a pilot, but was concerned about her idea of making the big hop, for fear she couldn't handle the high-speed planes with which she was experimenting. He talked about his wife a good deal—how she kidded him about being known as "the Lone Eagle," and how he kidded her after the natives of Alaska named her "the Blue Goose." He said Mrs. Schwarzkopf was known as "the Lindbergh Widow" because her husband spent so much time on the case.

Although the Colonel stuck closely to the Marcon throughout this long delay, Curtis continued to go on shore at frequent intervals in the hope of getting encouraging news from the stranded kidnapers.

While the kidnap ship was still at sea, Hilda, of course, had no direct method of reaching her husband by radio. She had to communicate with Sam or John, neither of whom was on the ship, and wait for them to wireless to Larsen and get his reply. This made for endless bother and delay. After the ship returned to land for repairs, Hilda was able to communicate directly with her husband.



Scenes of Curtis's activities and the Curtis-Lindbergh efforts to contact a "kidnap gang" and recover the baby.

Keeping appointments with Hilda in Curtis's own home town, however, was not an easy problem. His face was known to practically every one he met, and he was followed by newspaper sleuths wherever he went.

What should he do? If he went to the boardinghouse where Hilda was staying, or if she came to his house, her identity would be immediately discovered and the possibility of further contact destroyed.

He finally decided that the only safe way was for them to meet in the most public and therefore the least likely to be suspected places, such as the railroad station and the balcony of the Monticello Hotel.

He disliked even this method. It was hardly in keeping with his reputation to be meeting strange women in hotel lobbies or station waiting rooms. However, it threw the reporters off the track and kept Hilda from being frightened away.

Curtis did not tell his companions of Hilda's presence in Norfolk. She had requested him to keep it a secret from everybody; moreover, he did not wish to do anything that might alienate her or her crowd at this delicate stage of the negotiations. He said Lindbergh and the others just took it for granted he was telephoning her at Cape May.

The tedium of the wait was finally broken by a message that Larsen would like to see Curtis in New York.

With Lindbergh's approval, Lieutenant Richard flew him north. The same procedure was followed as before, only this time it was Larsen and not Sam that Curtis met in the cafeteria.

At this meeting, according to Curtis, Larsen not only confirmed the report of the breakdown of the schooner, which he said was now fully repaired, but told of being chased by Coast Guard cutters. He thought they should change their point of contact, as the region around Norfolk was getting altogether too hot. To reassure him, Curtis readily agreed, and went so far as to propose going on Larsen's boat as a hostage. Larsen said that was all right with him if it was with Colonel Lindbergh.

There could be no better evidence of John Curtis's sincerity, it seems to me, than this offer to go on the kidnap ship with the band who had already boasted of committing a horrifying crime. If they had become suspicious, they could certainly have pitched this man who knew so much about them into the sea.

If, on the other hand, he was just bluffing and did not intend to go on the boat at all—or, as some would say, if there was no boat to go on—how could he expect to get away with it later?

Incidentally, Larsen told Curtis that he had reprovisioned his ship at Hampton, Virginia. Months later, several of the ransom bills were reported as showing up in Canada, passed by a citizen of Hampton who was there on a vacation. Curtis always believed that these bills had come into circulation directly from the men on the kidnap ship through the water-front supply stores.

Subsequently, the authorities were said to have announced that the Canadian police must have been wrong in their reading of the numerals on the bills. That explanation never seemed very sound to John Curtis, and, I must say, it doesn't to me.

When Curtis returned to the Marcon, Lindbergh promptly put his foot down on the hostage idea, pointing out, very sensibly, that inasmuch as Curtis was the only one who knew the gang and was able to communicate with them, it would be silly to have him marooned far away on the enemy's boat.

As to a change of base the Colonel was thoroughly agreeable. He was naturally anxious to be nearer his home. He was, therefore, greatly relieved when Curtis told him that he had arranged with another wealthy friend of his in Atlantic City, A. L. Foster, to lend them his large seagoing yacht Cachalot, and that they could henceforth make Atlantic City and Cape May their base of operation.

"We left Norfolk under cover of darkness," Curtis told me, "on May 6, just before midnight. We planned to take turns driving Bruce's machine, as we were all pretty well worn out, Richard and I from our airplane trip and the Colonel and Bruce from continuous rolling about in the anchored Marcon.

"Even so, I scared them all near Petersburg by running straight into four mules that suddenly decided to cross the road. The next morning, Lindbergh fell asleep at the wheel between Washington and Baltimore, and I grabbed it out of his hands just in time to keep us from going head on into a truck. And later in the day, when I was driving again, we nearly ran over two children playing by the roadside.

"I mention these incidents to show the high tension in which the whole affair was conducted, and the extreme fatigue to which we had all been reduced. It was a wonder that we didn't kill each other as well as everybody else!"

The wild ride finally brought them to New York, where Lindbergh left them to join his wife at the Morrow city home, and Curtis, Bruce, and Richard went to the Prince George for a much needed sleep.

"By prearrangement, the next night," said Curtis, "I met Hilda at the Pennsylvania Station, and went with her to Freeport, Long Island, and later to lower Jersey. She communicated with her husband aboard the boat, and it was decided that our contact was to be off Cape May on Monday night—the exact location to be given her upon our arrival at Atlantic City. I was to call her at the Reading Station in Cape May. The number was 236 Cape May."

SO, promptly on Monday morning, Curtis, Bruce, and Richard began loading their luggage into Bruce's car in front of the hotel. As they were about to start uptown to pick up Lindbergh, the car caught fire. Hard as they worked—and Curtis knew everything there was to know about a motor—they couldn't get it to start, so finally they telephoned the waiting Colonel. He said he would borrow a car and pick them up at the hotel.

Their troubles weren't over, however, for Mrs. Lindbergh phoned to say that three reporters had checked the license number on the Colonel's borrowed car and that he was undoubtedly being followed. This necessitated much driving back and forth in the crowded side streets before they dared shoot for the tunnel and the Jersey meadows. Three valuable hours had been lost when they put the city behind them.

"John," said Lindbergh to Curtis, "if Larsen had told us anything like this had happened to him, we'd have said he was a damn liar."

Off the Jersey coast they again encountered bad weather, aggravated by a new storm from the northeast; and after waiting around at the contact point as long as they dared, they decided to put back into Cape May and wait for better conditions.

"On our way in," said Curtis, "we saw some Coast Guard destroyers whose crews seemed much interested in our activities. By the time we passed the breakwater to Cape May it was blowing heavily. We anchored in Cape May harbor, and Bruce, Richard, and I went ashore. This was Tuesday morning, May 10. As we walked up to town, I noticed Hilda on the porch of the Anchorage, a small hotel. She had evidently seen us come in.

"I could not stop at that time, so went on into town; but after Bruce and Richard returned to the boat, I went back to the Anchorage. Being unable to locate her there, I went to the Reading Station, where she understood I was to meet her. She said she had had a wireless from her husband that it was entirely too rough and he had been chased by two Coast Guard boats."

Curtis wondered if some one

The Cachalot, a ninety-foot yacht used by Lindbergh and Curtis during their attempt to get in contact with the gang off Cape May, and A. L. Foster, owner of the yacht, another friend of Curtis who assisted them.

jealous of his activities hadn't, officially or unofficially, tipped off the Coast Guard to watch for Larsen's boat and make it as difficult as possible for Larsen to make contact with Lindbergh. The forces of law and order were already taking a nation-wide razzing for their failure to turn up even one good clue, and stood to take a terrible licking if the Colonel was able to go off by himself with Curtis and secure the baby.

"I was with Hilda practically all day waiting for another wireless from her husband," continued Curtis, "and I met her sister, Inez. We were able that night to get in touch with Larsen. But he advised us that it was too rough to come in close and that he was going to sea, as it looked like a severe northeaster."

Discouraged, Bruce and Richard went to New York to wait for better weather. The Colonel remained in hiding on the Cachalot. Curtis went back and forth between the yacht and the land, usually taking code messages from Lindbergh to Schwarzkopf and waiting for Schwarzkopf's code replies.

By the morning of the 12th the sea began to show signs of quieting down, so it was arranged that Curtis should go to Atlantic City to see Hilda and to fix if possible an immediate time for another attempt at contact.

"I had spent that night on shore with friends from New York," said Curtis. "This was a great treat for me, for in Norfolk I had hardly left the boat even for a visit to the family. When I arrived at Cape May, about nine in the morning, it was still blowing hard and the rain was coming down in torrents. Foster and Lindbergh were both pleased to get the newspapers, and the Colonel was extremely glad to note that his whereabouts had not been discovered. I talked quite a while with him about the case, and we agreed that we could not see that it was doing my contacts any good to string me along. We both felt they must be sincere.

"As we now had a boat under us that could stay out and take the weather, I again brought up the matter of my getting aboard the schooner, as I felt that if I was aboard her I could certainly bring the two boats into contact. He still was rather dubious about this, and thought we should wait.

"We had lunch, and I left the boat about one o'clock, agreeing to return at eleven. Lindbergh promised to wait up for me. I carried with me the usual message in code for Schwarzkopf. I was to send it from the Hotel President and to wait there for an answer. In front of the President I was also to meet Hilda."

Colonel Schwarzkopf. As head of the New Jersey State Police, he dealt with John Hughes Curtis.

WHEN Curtis finished sending the message, he stepped out on the boardwalk. Not seeing Hilda, he turned back into the hotel. The bellboys were paging him. Colonel Schwarzkopf was on the wire with a short code message for Lindbergh. He did not tell Curtis what was in it, but stressed the fact that it was most important and should be given to Lindbergh at once.

The Cachalot, with Lindbergh on board, was off Cape May. Curtis was in Atlantic City. After worrying over the situation for some time, he bethought himself of an acquaintance in Cape May, a thoroughly reliable man whom he referred to as Brex. He gave this man the code message over the phone, with instructions to take it himself to Mr. Axel aboard the yacht, and to let him, Curtis, know when it was delivered.

Curtis had no sooner phoned Schwarzkopf about the arrangement than Brex called up to say that he had run into Bruce returning from New York, and that Bruce, who was going right out to the yacht, had promised to deliver the message. After a long delay Curtis got Schwarzkopf on the phone again. Bruce, the police chief said, had already communicated with him, and everything was O. K.

Outside the hotel Hilda was waiting for Curtis. She had word that the kidnap boat, with the baby and nurse on board, was now off the Jersey coast ready to make immediate delivery. She would communicate with Larsen by wireless that night for definite instructions.

Then a most interesting thing happened. Curtis had never ceased to press Hilda--and the others when he saw them—for one of the ransom bills to show to Lindbergh; but always the answer had been "No." Today, when he mentioned it, Hilda seemed much more willing to comply. Larsen wouldn't mind now, she thought, if she gave him just one bill. Finally she said she would go home and get one and bring it to him that night. This was, Curtis felt happily, a clear sign that the end was in sight.

Within the hour he was told that Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., was dead!

"I IMMEDIATELY got Schwarzkopf back on the phone," continued Curtis, "and asked him why he hadn't told me what was up. If he had, I might have got the message to the Colonel more quickly. He said it was all right; that the message had reached Lindbergh in time, and that he was going to call him, Schwarzkopf, as soon as he came ashore. I assumed that he would be leaving at once for Hopewell, and asked Schwarzkopf if he would ask him to stop by for me. He said he would.

"A few minutes later he called me back and said Colonel Lindbergh was motoring direct from Cape May, but that he, Schwarzkopf, would send a police car for me from Absecon. After a wild and dangerous ride at breakneck speed through driving rain, I arrived at Hopewell about two o'clock on the morning of Friday, May 13, having beaten Lindbergh back by almost two hours. I was pretty well worn out, having had only about twelve hours' sleep since we left Norfolk the Friday night before.

"I was ushered immediately into Schwarzkopf's office. He courteously introduced himself to me, this being our first meeting. There were dozens of troopers and detectives standing around. They did not give me time to take off my rain-soaked coat.

"'Curtis,' Schwarzkopf began, 'you need not have any fear of talking to me frankly, as Colonel Lindbergh has kept me informed daily of your entire action.'

"'But, Colonel Schwarzkopf,' I replied, 'would it not be better for us to wait until Colonel Lindbergh arrives? I am anxious that he be here while I tell what I know. I should also like before I start making statements to have my memoranda. Some are in New York in a lockbox at the Prince George Hotel. Some are on the Cachalot, in my bag, which they will no doubt bring with them. Some are in my papers at Norfolk.'

"In the room were the men I came to know as Captain Lamb, Sergeant Moffett, Inspector Walsh, Lieutenant Keaten, and one or two others. Frank Wilson, a United States government man, immediately began asking me for a description of the men with whom I had been in contact, and of the boats that I had been on board. I answered to the best of my ability, and so told them.

"I immediately sensed by their questions that I was in hostile territory, and that they were going to endeavor

to pick me to pieces in every way possible. In describing one of the boats I had seen, I called it either the Brinson or the Britton; I could not remember which. They immediately jumped on me about this, and I again suggested that we wait until I had my complete data.

"They were very anxious to secure automobile numbers that I did not remember but that I had a record of at Norfolk, so I requested that they permit me if possible to communicate with my secretary, Mrs. Snell, to see if she could locate these numbers for me. This I did, but at that hour she could not find them. I then suggested that I go to Norfolk immediately and get my memoranda and return. This they would not permit.

"I also requested that they go to Philadelphia and secure some one who knew the ins and outs of the rum business and bring them back to Hopewell for me to interview, because I felt that by asking questions of him we could within a few hours at least locate Hilda and Sam.

"Lieutenant Keaten said that he could do this, but so far as I know, they did not do it.

"Walsh and one or two of the others asked more questions at this time. It was then decided that we would wait until Lindbergh arrived. I went out in the kitchen with the rest to get something to eat and was there when Lindbergh drove up."

IMAGINE Curtis's relief when he saw the Colonel's familiar face. Here at last was a friend. Here was some one who knew him and would take him at his word.

The Colonel seemed glad to see him, too, for he shook hands with him immediately and took him over to a couch in the library, where he sat down beside him.

"John," he said, "what do you make of this?"

"I can't fathom it," Curtis replied. "But I'll do everything in my power to help you. If we move fast, we ought to be able to get Hilda and Sam right away, as neither of them is on the boat. I think we should get together, Axel, and formulate our plans."

The Colonel, according to Curtis, agreed heartily to this suggestion. But at that moment a state trooper stuck his head in the door and told Lindbergh he was wanted outside for a conference.

He never returned.

What was said at that conference, only the conferees know—but from that moment, Curtis believes, the door of Charles Lindbergh's heart was closed to him.

..Curtis's story of his experiences during the next few days will not be retold by Mr. Fisher; he will reproduce it in Curtis's own words, taken down by a stenographer, that you may draw your own conclusions concerning it. Certainly you will find it an absorbing human document! Watch for it in Liberty next week.

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A PROFESSOR AND TWO MADCAP GIRLS IN A STORY ALIVE WITH LAUGHTER—DON'T MISS THE FUN OF READING THIS GAY NOVEL

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

She brought him the hot toddy and sat on the edge of his bed to eat her sandwich.

WHEN Dr. Stephen Frost, a sedate young bachelor instructor at New Harbor University, learns that the lovely blonde he met on the train en route from New York is an entertainer at a roadhouse near by, his romantic impulses, long suppressed by admiring but maternally inclined women in his past, prompt him to visit the place. With a car borrowed from Professor Roderick Ames, Stephen drives to the Golden Arrow Inn, to learn the girl's name and witness her act.

There he is confronted by Mrs. Harkrider, head of the local Purity League. She informs him —after warning him to leave— that she is having the place raided by state police. "For an indecent performance," she adds. Stephen stands his ground. "I'm staying," he answers curtly. Returning to his table, a fan dancer, introduced as Betsy Bliss, takes the floor. It is the little blonde!

Remembering Mrs. Harkrider's warning, Stephen slips backstage, and when the electrician darkens the hall at his signal, he seizes Betsy, rushes her out to his car, and eludes the police. In making the kidnap, however, he suffers a bruised nose and a black eye inflicted by the flaying arms and legs of the dancer, who didn't know she was being rescued from a raid until Stephen told her. Then, too, there was the problem of the constable tending the parked cars at the Inn, who, when told by the professor that Miss Bliss had injured herself in a fall, volunteered to act as escort. They lost him in traffic and headed for the New York state line after Stephen had outfitted Betsy in a pair of overalls and a jumper, and learned to his surprise that she wore a blonde wig and was really a brunette. In the exchange of life histories Stephen excludes the part about his dormant romance with Stella King, daughter of a member of the faculty. Betsy tells him her ambitions, and about her crippled father. When Stephen interrupts to tell her they are safely across the line, she begs for a chance to look at the flowers he had purchased for her in New Harbor. Stephen stops the car—and a motorcycle policeman pulls up beside them.

PART TWO—HEADLINES AND HEART TROUBLE

"WHAT'S goin' on here?" growled the officer.

"We're just out riding. We were at the barn dance," Betsy spoke up.

"You call this ridin'?"

"No," said Betsy. "I asked him to stop the car so I could kiss him. Is there any law against that?" Her tone was innocence itself.

"There's a law against parkin' on the pavement on a state highway, and at the foot of a hill on a blind curve, at that. Let's take a look at your drivin' license, doc."

With a sinking heart Stephen got out his wallet. The officer inspected it by flashlight.

"So you're a college instructor. New Harbor, huh? Well, you ought to know better than to park here." His tone was even nastier. Betsy answered:

"He does, officer. He didn't think. You see, we'd had a quarrel, and he came to the dance, and brought me these flowers, and took me out to—to make up. And I gave in, and started to kiss him, so he stopped—and here we are. And please don't give him a ticket, because college instructors just don't make *anything*, and we're saving up to be married, and my father objects because Stephen's so poor—" She was on the point of sobbing now.

"Well," said the map of Ireland—"well, O. K., Susie; you win." He handed the wallet back to Stephen, started his motor. Then he leaned over, said: "Why don't you talk to the head guy at the college about raisin' his pay? What I mean—you could talk him into it."

"You wait until we're married," said Miss Bliss. "I will."

The law left them. Stephen followed promptly, but not as fast.

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

Godiva WAS A LADY

Miss Betsy Bliss was laughing. "Thank Heaven for the Irish!" she gasped. "And now, if you'll forgive me, I'm going to sleep. I've been rehearsing, day and night, for a week."

After he'd crossed the Harlem River over the 207th Street bridge, an elevated train woke her.

"I took it for granted you lived in Manhattan," he said.

She told him where in West Sixty-fourth. "Stop at the first lunch stand you pass," she instructed, "and get a small steak. I've got to fix your eye before you go back to New Harbor."

She curled down and went to sleep again. And he resumed his pleasant musings. He had a girl to take care of now. She seemed so small and childlike and trustful, curled up on the seat with her overalled legs behind his, so that his right knee just touched hers and the magic current could flow between their bodies.

He felt both feverish and chilly as he pulled up at the curb in Sixty-fourth Street. She sat up and blinked.

"Did you get the beefsteak?"

"No. I wanted to get you home."

"Well, drive around the block, put the car in the parking lot back there, and get the steak. I'll be waiting for you at the front door. Hurry!"

When he got back, Miss Bliss was waiting, behind the front door, in a blue-flannel robe over blue-silk pajamas. She led him, on tiptoe, up two flights of stairs and through a door left ajar.

The room was shabby-genteel, with two chairs and a studio couch. Through an archway there was a smaller room, with a divan, old-fashioned folding doors between.

"Welcome to Godiva Castle," she said.

He handed over the sack; she explored it. "Steak sandwiches and milk too!" she cried. "I didn't have any supper. Oh, Stephen! I left my flowers in your car. And my fans and the wig!"

"I'll go back."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You're going to get into a hot tub, and have a whisky toddy, and then eat your sandwich in bed. An ounce of discretion is worth a siege of pneumonia, my father says."

The young lady was asking him to spend the night. That might mean much or little. He said: "O. K."

She walked into the bathroom, turned on the water, came out, got towels and things from a dresser, while he inspected her books. She had a great many, a few of them well bound.

"Look at the set of Molière," she suggested. "It was my father's. My mother taught me French out of it." He had opened one of the volumes to the bookplate: "Ex Libris Joseph Taylor Bayliss."

She looked up at him. "Now you know Lady Godiva's secret. My name is Susan Elizabeth Bayliss, after my grandmother—Susie for short. You could have knocked me over when that policeman called me Susie. Your bath's ready, Stephen."

He said: "After you, my dear Lady Godiva."

She said: "No. It takes me too long to scrub the white stuff off, and I don't like to hurry."

When he came out, she had turned on a gas heater, made up the studio couch and a bed on the divan. He was to have the double couch.

Feeling very silly in a robe whose hem hit him just above the knees, the sleeves halfway to the elbows, he got into bed. She brought him the hot whisky toddy, tart with lemon juice, and disappeared into the bathroom. She did take forever; but finally she emerged, again in the blue pajamas and robe and a pair of shabby blue slippers.

She heated the steak sandwiches over a drugstore electric stove, sat on the edge of his bed to eat hers and drink milk.

"Do you know," he told her, "you're a pretty good actress right now. Would you mind if I told a few producers about you? I know only a few, but they rate pretty high." He named the few.

"I don't know," she considered. "I flopped last season and the year before because I wasn't sure of myself. Let me go on fan dancing until I have money in the bank. Then I'll have more confidence."

It was very nice of her to say "let me." She took away the sandwich plates, and returned with the raw steak, a silk bandanna handkerchief, and a safety pin. Humming a little tune, she laid the steak on his puffed eye, patted it into place, bound the handkerchief around his head so that it covered both eyes, pinned it.

She kissed him lightly. He caught her in his arms. She didn't resist.

"Now, Stephen," she said, when he had kissed her rather effectively for a blindfolded man, "you can't be romantic with beefsteak on your eye. I know it's not your fault, but you go to sleep or mama spank!"

He held her while he spoke his piece: "If you ever call yourself 'mama' to me again, or try to mother me, you'll be the one who gets spanked. I'm fed up with maternal women!" He let her go then.

He heard her open a window, switch off the lights, go into the front room, open a window there, bounce into bed.

"I hope you don't snore," she said.

He didn't answer. But a young man who has had a four-hour drive in wet and cold, a hot bath, a whisky toddy, and has a bandage over his eyes cannot stay awake forever.

Presently he pulled off the bandage. There was dusky daylight in the room. He dressed in the bathroom, then tiptoed to the archway, peered in. The covers were pulled over her head, so that only a patch of brown curls was showing.

Have to telephone Ames, tell him where the car is. No telephone in here. Nearly ten o'clock. Slept eight hours.

There were telephone booths in the tiled lunchroom on the corner. He called the Winthrop Hall number, asked for Dr. Ames.

The student on duty at the Winthrop switchboard said Dr. Ames was at Dr. King's.

"Never mind," said Dr. Frost. "Please call Dr. Ames there, and tell him I'm O. K., and the car's O. K., and I'll see him there—at Winthrop—about"—he calculated—"three o'clock."

He walked rapidly up to the next corner, bought the five Manhattan Sunday papers, went into a drugstore, ordered coffee and rolls.

One of four pictures on the first page of the first tabloid was a much glorified likeness of the little lady who now had her head under the covers in Sixty-fourth Street.

FAN DANCER FLOUTS RAIDERS—Betsy Bliss, blonde Godiva who eluded morality squad at Golden Arrow Inn, roadhouse near New Harbor University. Mysterious doctor with beard snatched her from talons of the law, police were informed. —*Story on page 3.*

Michel (Mike) Sonora, manager of the Golden Arrow Inn, had been released under $2,500 bond, on a charge of staging an indecent performance, by Judge Asa Hatch of the town court of Bradboro, who had released twelve chorus girls on bail supplied by Sonora. State police were seeking the fan dancer.

Stephen tore the stories out of the papers, paid his check, walked out. He paid for the storage of his car. That left him with thirty-seven cents. The fans and wig were still there; the half-closed box of flowers on the shelf inside.

He drove out, up the block, parked a couple of doors beyond Betsy's house. He'd take in the flowers and the wig, in the flower box. Leave the fans. Too funny if he met any one! The door latch clicked at his ring. He went up the stairs.

The door of Betsy's room was open. A redheaded stocky fellow of about thirty-five was standing in it.

"You from the Times?" the redheaded man asked. "I'm Joe Rorty." Then he saw the flower box. From inside the rooms came a burst of laughter, loud male talk.

"I—I'm looking for Miss Mansfield," Stephen said. That was the first name that came to him.

"Wrong bell," said Rorty. "But—how about lending me the flowers? We're going to take some pictures for the newspapers, and we can use 'em."

STEPHEN was already descending the stairs. "Sorry," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

Rorty called: "Ask Miss Mansfield, whoever she is, if she'll lend Miss Bliss her bokay."

"Wait a minute," Stephen said. He opened the box, removed that card, handed the box to Rorty, ran down the stairs.

He didn't breathe easily during the three hours and a half it took him to drive to New Harbor.

At a quarter to two he stopped to telephone at a filling station on the edge of New Harbor. He got Rod Ames at the Kings'.

"There's a message at Dutton for you to call the state police when you show up," Ames told Stephen. "You've got to have an alibi ready. Dr. King says to come here; he'll do what he can to help you out. Don't drive the car through town; leave it on a back road."

Stephen agreed glumly. He skirted New Harbor to the Stadium, left the car. Then he thought about the fans and the wig in the rumble. Mustn't leave them there! The wig would cram into a coat pocket, but the fans couldn't be hidden under the coat—too long. But by sticking the handles down his trouser legs he could carry them.

Twenty minutes of short strides, with his hands pressed against his midriff, brought him to the Kings' austere colonial pillars on North Winthrop. He had considered taking the fans to his rooms in Dutton College. But the police might search his rooms. He'd ask the butler to hide them.

He rang the bell. In the vestibule he unbuttoned his coat, pulled out one fan and was hauling out the other, when Stella, who must have been watching for him, opened the door.

HER black eyes twinkling at his embarrassment, Miss King clutched at the ostrich feathers—pulled. "Stephen! How sweet of you to bring me these!"

"Is that Frost?" her father called from the library. She said it was. "Bring him in," Dr. King growled.

"Rod's teaching him to play chess, and he hates to lose," Stella explained. "Don't mind his grouch. Oh, how I love these things!"

She marched ahead, through the music room, chanting the tune of the Triumphal March from Aïda.

Westbrook King glared.

"Souvenirs for me," said Stella. "He's going to teach me to fan-dance."

The fastidious and correct Dr. Roderick Ames said: "Hello, Steve."

Stephen subsided into a wing chair. Stella came up behind him, set the billowing fans on either side of him against the chair back.

"Well!" Dr. King said, urbanely sarcastic. "So you got drunk and stole the fan dancer? Stella may think it's funny, but you're in a jam, my boy. I promised her I'd try to get you out of it."

"Father!" Stella protested. "You offered your services."

"Let's have the whole story; then we'll know where we are," Professor King evaded.

Stephen told briefly how he had decided to get the girl out of the roadhouse, and how he did. "I shouldn't have done it in your car," he apologized to Rod.

Rod waved a deprecating hand. "All's well that ends well. The constable came to me instead of the state police, and I talked him out of reporting the car number. He had a sneaking admiration for you, Steve. Anyway, you'd have got off scot-free, except that one of the cooks told the state police he saw a man with a beard run out with the girl in his arms. So that put the constable on the spot. He said you were a doctor from New York. But Mrs. Harkrider said, 'Doctor my hat! It was Stephen Frost.'"

Stephen finished his story: "I drove her to New York. She told me all about herself and her family and her ambitions. I stayed overnight, because I'd left my overcoat in the checkroom at the Inn, and my hat too, and I got soaking wet. She made me take a hot bath and gave me a whisky toddy, and her landlady allowed me to sleep in a room in the house."

Rod got up. "Stella, will you drive me out to wherever Steve left the car?"

"Certainly. Who blacked your eye, Stephen?"

"Why," he stammered, "Miss Bliss hit me when I grabbed her in the dark. And she gave me the knee in the nose. She thought—"

"Stephen! You a cave man? This is too much!"

Rod was trying not to grin. He said, "By the way, I'm a member of the bar here. We can get some local criminal lawyer—I know the very man—to conduct the case; but I'll stand by."

Stephen shook his hand. "That's awfully kind of you, old man."

"And daddy will do the dirty work with the board of regents," Stella said, following Ames out.

Dr. King sat down in his oversize armchair and spoke wisdom:

"You've made a damned fool of yourself, Stephen. If this comes before the regents officially, you'll of course tell the truth and throw yourself on their mercy. And I'm afraid it can't be kept from them. The story was all over Winthrop Hall this noon, Rod says. Can you prove you weren't drunk?"

"Miss Bliss knows I wasn't."

"Well, you may have to prove it. But plead not guilty. They can't make you testify against yourself."

They played chess until Rod and Stella returned. It was now ten minutes to five. They appeared a bit subdued. They had got the car and had visited the police station.

"The lieutenant had to book Steve on charges of obstructing an officer and driving while intoxicated," Ames said. "Mrs. Harkrider had raised too much of an uproar. Stella signed his appearance bond. We had to go out to Bradboro to do it. Do you know the prosecutor out there?"

"Yes," said Dr. King. "Stella, get him on the telephone and ask him if he'll be home this evening."

The appointment was arranged for half past five. "You'll drive me out, Stella?" he said.

"Rod, will you?" she asked. "I'll stay here and sit up with the corpse. Come on, Stephen; we'll shake up a set of Manhattans."

Stephen followed her out to the pantry.

She looked at him sidewise, slyly. "Stephen, why don't you ever try getting tough with—girls who aren't fan dancers? You're so damned impersonal and polite to women that you baffle them. I mean—you don't have to go to roadhouses and pick up fan dancers. But go on. Tell me more about the girl. She's interesting, she's exciting, and beautiful, of course, and you were attracted to her, at first, because she reminded you so much of me."

She continued to scoop ice into the big cocktail shaker. Why she was mixing so much he didn't know.

"Expecting guests?" he asked to break the silence.

"No. Thought I'd get tight. Haven't done it since I was in college." She faced him defiantly. "I'm bored as hell! Bored with being the princess royal. Bored with being Stella King. And there aren't any male fan dancers—unless you picked up the art overnight."

"I don't know what's got into you. You have everything in the world—"

She stepped up to him, put one hand behind his head, the other over his mouth. And she was very strong. The pressure hurt his sore lip and nose.

"Don't preach," she said. "I'd slap your face." She let her hands fall. "Skip it. I don't want to fight."

He put his arm around her. She was flushed and close and fragrant. It was not in his mind to kiss her, and yet he did.

The kiss was a shock to Stephen. He had kissed Betsy Bliss. It had been sweet—yes—but nothing like this.

Footsteps in the dining room. Stephen stepped back. Stella followed him. She twined her arms around his neck, snuggled. She was shaking with laughter. Then she threw back her head, closed her eyes, said between her teeth, "Kiss me! Kiss me!" It was a grim mutter. "You're yellow!" she taunted.

He went through the motions, at least. Rod Ames pushed open the swinging door, gasped, "Oh! Sorry!" and started to back out. "I didn't know you two—"

Stella looked around. "Don't jump to conclusions. Just Don Juan, back from the wars, trying his arts on the village maiden. What he hasn't learned overnight!"

She posed on the landing, whirled the fans.

Stella had poured three cocktails. Rod said: "Your father's waiting." He gulped his. "See you later."

Stella led Stephen into the music room. They sat on the cushioned window seat with the cocktail tray between them. Stella finished her fourth, rose, and began putting records into the magazine of the radiophonograph, which changed disks automatically.

She started the machine. "You stay there," she said. "When that record finishes, start it over. I like that waltz."

She snapped out the lights in the music room; went through the library and turned out the lights; went upstairs. He could see the lower landing of the white-and-mahogany staircase, and the three shallow steps leading down from it toward the archway into the music room.

The waltz ended. He started it over; went back to the window seat.

He could hear her heels clicking on the stairs. He saw her coming down, covered by the fans.

She posed on the landing, whirled the fans—not too expertly, but not clumsily, either. She had on her sheerest stockings, and an upper and a lower of blue-gray sheer stuff. She hadn't dared!

She descended the three steps, began dancing. And she was getting away with it. She could do anything with her body. He sat, his heart thumping, while she danced through the waltz in the semidarkness of the hall and in and out of the music room. When the machine began whirring to change the record, she faced him, covering her body with the fans.

"Encore!" he pleaded. "You're swell!"

Miss King's voice was utterly dignified, cold. "I hope," she said, a bit breathless, "you get the allure of this costume. Women are more enticing when they're half dressed, aren't they?"

He got up, strode over to her. "Go upstairs and put on a dress before I spank you," he said, his voice edgy. "You've shown off enough."

"Did you spank *her?*" she taunted him. "I want equal rights. And may the best woman win!"

She was breathing hard.

"I wonder," he said, between his teeth, "if you know what you're trying to do."

"I'm learning to be alluring," she answered.

And suddenly she struck him in the face with the fan—hard. By the time he had rubbed the tears out of his stinging eyes, she was gone.

He was weak in the knees. He sat down. If he had kissed her— He poured himself a cocktail with a shaking hand, sipped it, waiting for what would happen next.

Miss King was coming down the stairs, holding on to the mahogany handrail. She was in something else blue-gray, trimmed in flamingo pink. It appeared to be a nightgown. There was a long coat of the same stuff over it. She was barefooted, except for pastel-blue sandals.

She halted in the doorway. "Your hostess," she said with dignity, "has been taken suddenly drunk. You may go home now. Good night."

He stood where he had risen from the chair.

"Good night," he said, "and thanks for the show—the whole show. I didn't suspect you had such talents. You've been both amusing and amused."

He walked out of the house into the rain. He had never been so angry with a woman in his life.

In his small suite at Dutton, he called the reception desk. "Did I have any calls today?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" said the student operator warmly. "Dr. Ames called. Miss King called. A Mr. A. Greenblatt called and left his number; he wanted you to call him as soon as you come in. Important, he said."

"All right. Get Greenblatt, whoever he is."

Greenblatt said: "Professor, I want to offer my services, gratis, if you can use them. Some friends of yours arranged for it. Do you understand? I'm Greenblatt, the attorney."

"Can you come here?" Might as well talk to the man.

"Certainly. Right away?"

Stephen sat down at the desk and wrote letters. The first read:

My dear Stella:

You were enticing, alluring, provocative, and seductive. Now are you satisfied?

I am submitting my resignation to the board of regents tonight. I want to beat them to the gun. If they choose to reject it, O. K., but I really can't be bothered. I'm fed up with cramming the King's English down the throats of underclassmen. It might be more exciting to be one of the unemployed.

Faithfully, STEPHEN.

The other was his resignation. He had just finished addressing two envelopes when some one knocked. He folded the notes hurriedly, thrust them into the envelopes, sealed them, opened the door.

It was not Mr. Greenblatt but Ames.

"How'd you come out with the prosecutor?" Stephen asked.

"NOT so good. He wanted to do all he could, but Bradboro's afraid of the women's vote and the reform element. This Golden Arrow bunch was allowed to contribute to the campaign fund—cash, of course—but the administration is afraid that will leak out. It wouldn't look so sweet if they let this Mike Sonora—Michel—off. The girl is out of the way, thanks to you, and they won't prosecute the chorus cuties. But if they let you off, the opposition will raise a yell that the prosecutor is taking orders from the university."

"I'll have to take my medicine," Stephen said. He told Ames about the call from Greenblatt. He had hardly finished when the knocker sounded.

The caller was genial, disarming, and wasted no words.

"Mike Sonora retained me this morning," he said. "He's worried about the professor; afraid he'll lose his job."

At his suggestion, Stephen went over the whole story. He didn't mention Fowler's Modern English Usage, nor the flowers, and when he came to it, he said: "Luckily, there was a Y. M. C. A. dormitory near by, so I stayed overnight in New York." He was learning not to tell the whole truth. When he had finished he asked a question: "How did Michel know that I'd met this girl only yesterday?"

"We talked to her in New York this morning. She's going to get a smear of swell publicity out of this, and the Dalmatia crowd is signing her up for the Babylon Club and the rest of their chain, if that's any comfort. She's got a good agent—fellow named Joe Rorty."

They talked for a quarter of an hour. Then Ames said: "I'll pick you up here, Steve, at nine o'clock. Get a good night's sleep and don't worry."

When they had gone, Stephen put on trousers and a pull-over, went out to the brass box in the hall and mailed the letters. He'd put extra stamps on the regents' letter, for special delivery, but not on Stella's, because the mail would be collected tonight and he didn't want her to get the letter until tomorrow. She'd tell her father, and Dr. King might be peeved because he hadn't been consulted.

Then he remembered he hadn't telephoned his dean about replacing him tomorrow—he had three Monday-morning classes and one after lunch. He looked up Dean Benson's residence number, dialed it.

The old gentleman's tone was cool: "Is there anything in this wild story I hear about you?"

"I'm afraid there is, sir. I've mailed my resignation to the secretary of the regents, to be effective last Friday, before this happened."

Silence at the other end of the line. Then, sharply: "You might have consulted me before you did anything like that. I'll call up the secretary and ask him to hold it up. I don't see why you took it for granted that I wouldn't put up a fight for you. See me at my office tomorrow after court."

AT the newsstand Frost picked up all the New York morning papers and the New Harbor one. He stowed them under his tweed topcoat as he walked up the street.

"Any messages for me?" he asked the student at the reception desk as he entered the hall.

"None except the newspapers calling you up. Dr. Ames told me yesterday to say you were out. The night man said he told those who called from New York that you were on a West Indies cruise."

"Thanks," said Frost, and hurried to his rooms.

Miss Bliss had certainly cleaned up with the publicity again. She'd made the front page of three of them, with specially posed photographs. A more conservative journal had the story on page one but the picture inside—and it was posed with his lavender-lace flowers.

Nowhere in any of the stories could he find his name. Why? The state police and the Bradboro authorities apparently hadn't given it out. He went back and read through the stories more carefully. All of them, except the Times, which confined itself to a brief dispatch from New Harbor about the coming trial, had a passage like this:

Miss Bliss stoutly maintained that her rescuer said he was a chiropractor from Brooklyn and never did tell her his name. However, while she was dressing for the cameras she had a caller: a bearded gentleman, perhaps thirty-five, carrying a box of lavender-lace flowers. When he learned that the apartment was filled with the so-called gentlemen of the press, he thrust the flowers at Joseph Rorty, manager for Miss Bliss. The florist's box bore a New Harbor label. The florist, however, said over the telephone no bearded gentleman had bought any lavender-lace flowers of him.

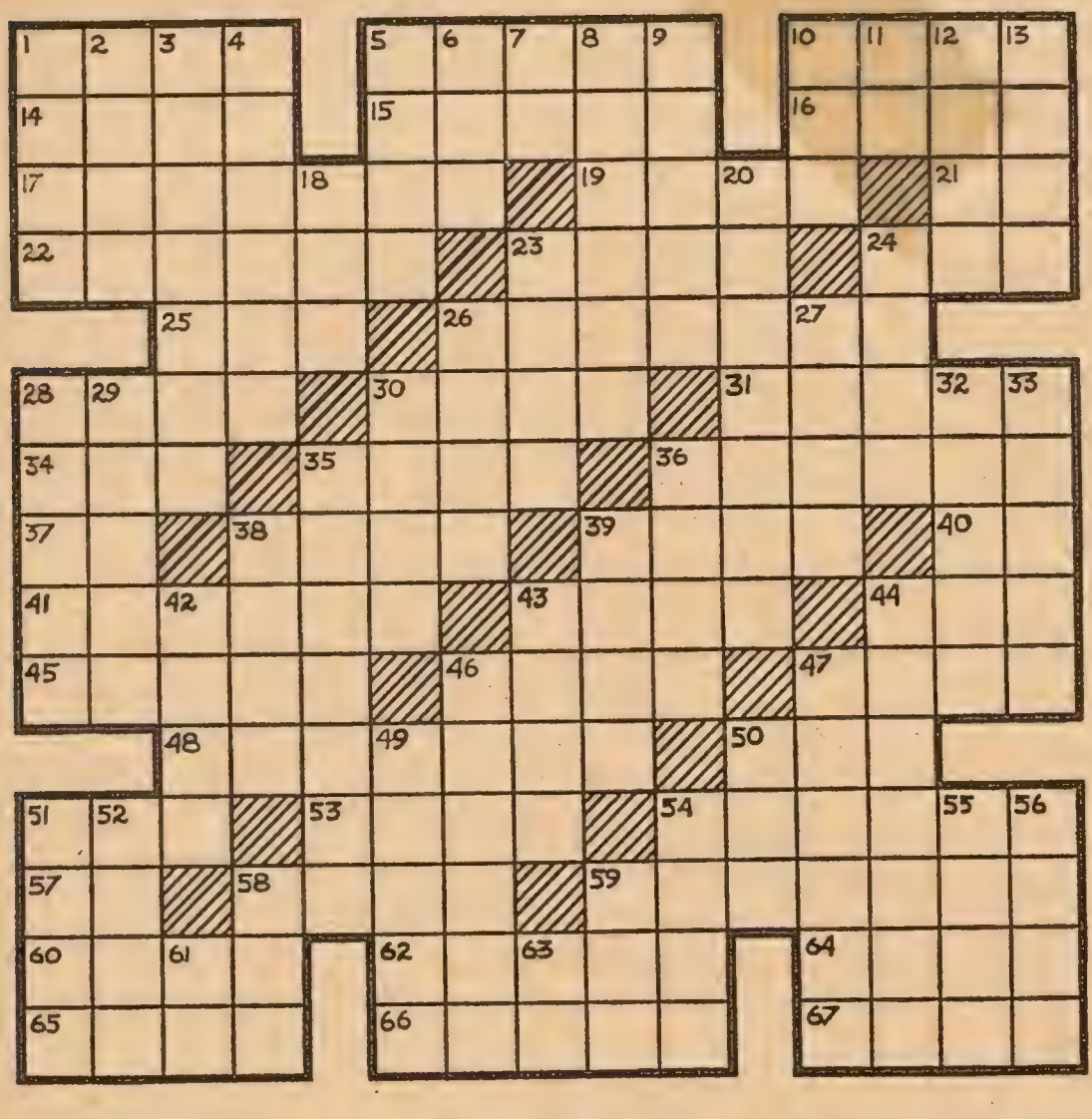
Well, thought Stephen, that's one I owe Nick the Florist.

Ames called for him on the dot at nine next morning. They talked about the newspaper stories on the way out to Bradboro. There were so many cars parked in the main street and the side streets near the town hall that Ames had to park three blocks away. When they reached the town-hall corner, walking, there was a mob around the front steps. Ames caught Stephen's arm. "Cameramen," he said. "We'd better duck around the block and find a back entrance. Who's the girl?"

Stephen was staring across the street, sick at heart. There on the steps of the brick-and-stone colonial replica stood Miss Betsy Bliss, smiling for the cameras.

Priceless publicity for a fan dancer. Will Stephen be the sacrificial lamb—or goat—for it all? The outcome of the court hearing, revealed in the next installment, and the events that follow, throw some light on what the future has in store for him. Don't miss it!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Supplicate
5 A letter of the Greek alphabet
10 In law, a wrong
14 A river in England
15 Women of station or authority
16 A melody
17 Less in quality, number, or degree
19 Minute particle
21 A conjunction
22 To regulate, especially by moderating
23 Manger or rack for feeding animals
24 American Indian
25 Bronze or copper coin of ancient Rome
26 Seeing that
28 Predatory incursion
30 Discharged one's obligation to
31 To brush
34 A portion of a curved line
35 Disembark
36 Delay
37 Note of the scale
38 Obey
39 Perches
40 Note of the scale
41 To put in order
43 A flower
44 Of small number
45 A scythe handle
46 To color
47 Bird of the gull kind
48 Boiled

PEDESTRIAN FEZ
SWEETIEPIE LOOP
SET END RELY OR
TROOPS FIDO ALE
UPS FANS AMOS
JARS PLUG LUIGI
ENS MOON CANDID
FT EARP MAST CE
FIDDLE BEST CAN
ETUDE BLOT SALT
RHEA SLOW TAR
SET STEW FETISH
OS DORA ARE BOO
NICE ACCRETIONS
SOW WHITEHOUSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

50 To point
51 An exclamation
53 Midday
54 Masculine name
57 Aloft
58 Autocrat (var.)
59 Sovereign
60 Feminine name
62 Reptile
64 One of the incarnations of Vishnu
65 City in Arabia
66 Former United States President
67 Killed

VERTICAL

1 Gone by
2 Hoarfrost
3 Pertaining to Aram
4 Cried out
5 River in Germany
6 Disfigure
7 Type measure
8 Provided with a toothed wheel
9 In a state of activity
10 A kind of hat
11 A conjunction
12 Tumult
13 A species of vetch
18 French article (plural)
20 Incumbrance of flesh
23 Uttered words of disapprobation
24 Employed
26 Small rod
27 The beard of wheat (plural)
28 Sloping way (plural)
29 Greek poet
30 Panel
32 Fisher for lampreys
33 Crustacean
35 Plants which grow on rocks, bark, etc.
36 Handle, as of a sword
38 Small particle
39 River in India
42 Whip
43 Charge upon property
44 Of the thigh
46 Spiny
47 Timekeepers
49 To brown
50 Serpent
51 Hawaiian dance
52 Mimicked
54 A Hebrew measure
55 Town in Alaska
56 Pull
58 A color
59 To piece out
61 An element (symbol)
63 Indian mulberry

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A new, utterly different scientific discovery . . . EYE-GENE . . . gives amazingly *quicker* relief for smarting, burning, itching, miserable hay fever eyes. Not only soothes and refreshes irritated eyes almost *instantly* . . . but actually clears temporary bloodshot conditions in seconds, or money back! Stainless, safe. At all drug and department stores.

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No matter what you are selling now **STOP** **get next to this special deal!**

Tailoring salesman or not—EXPERIENCE IN SELLING is what counts! Homeland Tailors, Inc., nationally known, nationally advertised, are ready with the most amazing line in 12 years' history! And get this! NO RAISE IN PRICES! We are continuing to feature $22.50 Made-to-Measure suits and overcoats for Fall with full $5 commissions—plus big monthly bonus—enabling you to earn $1 extra per garment. Unheard of decision. Check the field for such sensational news! Free Outfit—Free Advertising Aids—Speedy Delivery. Write now—don't wait! Homeland Tailors, Inc., Dept. 3, 2500 to 2512 E. Ashland Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.

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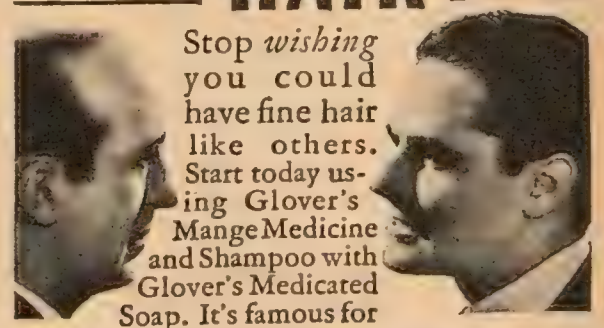

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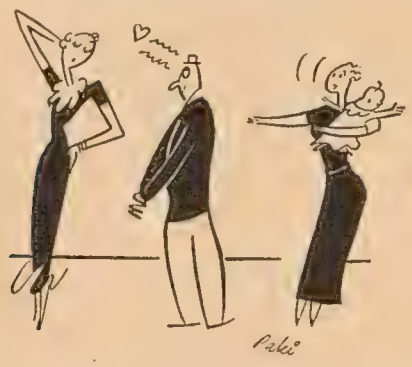
GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Vox Pop

A Sex-Steamed Contributor Makes Readers Boil

WILLIAMSON, W. VA.—As a reader of Liberty for the past ten years, and speaking for those other millions of readers, I ask—yes, even plead with you to obtain a full-size picture of Rosalind Jane McG., the girl "cursed with sex appeal," and admits it (July 4 Vox Pop), and use it as a front cover.

Get this picture at any price. Announce a few weeks ahead that you are



going to use it as a cover, and then tell your advertisers your circulation has doubled, and you won't be wrong! I've never had the pleasure of reading the autobiography of Cleopatra or Catherine the Great, but now I don't need to.—*C. B. Farley.*

FORT BENNING, GA.—I have heard people complain of having too much money and too many friends. But Miss McG. of San Francisco — charming name, McG., eh what?—is the first person of my knowledge to complain of an excess quantity of aphrodisiacal enticements. (*Sex appeal* is too vulgar a term to be used by an old professor like me.)

As it doesn't seem that any one besides Miss McG. is interested in my special course, I'll copy it off for you and let you transmit it to her:

1. When a man says, "You're charming," grin, pull on your chewing gum, and say, "Oh, yeah? Big boy, I think I am, too."

2. When a man gets under a moon with you after both of you have consumed several sloe-gin rickeys and the orchestra starts playing a waltz, begin your conversation in this manner: "Don't you think Clark Gable is simply *adorable?*"

3. Wear mannish clothes and talk about sophistication.

There are other means of chasing charm, but these are sufficient.—*Julius Mims.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Shades of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and Mae West! What a pretty kettle of fish your *sex-steamed* contributor, Rosalind Jane McG., must be in! Woe is she, to be so "cursed" with that nasty soul- and home-destroying sex appeal of hers.

I would suggest that she take herself for a little ride down-state from San Francisco to that notorious home of sex appeal, Hollywood.

I'm quite sure it would merely require just one glimpse of her, and one little feeling of the awareness of her, and any producer would go into hysterics over finding such a shining example of s. a. Just think what that might lead to: the battle of the century—West against McG.—*Sex Tet.*

EKALAKA, MONT.—It has been our misfortune to have read Vox Pop of Liberty, July 4. With such letters as that of Rosalind Jane McG., Vox Pop will not only continue to be the silliest part of Liberty, but will also be the most humorous and undoubtedly the most widely read.—*L. M. M. and G. O. B.*

HAGOOD MAKES GOOD

CULPEPER, VA.—Liberty makes a lot of utterly extravagant statements, but takes the prize in the article by General Johnson Hagood (July 4). Every time General Hagood opens his mouth he talks too much for his own good, and this time I think he has completely put his foot in his mouth in addition to talking too much. He says, "We sent our congratulations to the Russian revolutionists." I presume, as you printed that statement, you sponsor it; would therefore ask that both you and General Hagood verify his statement or retract it.—*D. B. Winfrey.*

[Replying to your request: Some years ago there was published in the United States a letter alleged to have been written by President Wilson congratulating the Russian people upon having overthrown the Czaristic government and gained their freedom from oppression. The facts can be ascertained from the State Department.—MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD.]

ANTI-NAZIS SHOULD BEGIN WITH COLORED AMERICANS

BREMERTON, WASH.—Please permit me to reply to the communication from the Hollywood League Against Nazism which appeared in your July 11 Vox Pop.

I saw no Nazi propaganda in the article by William L. Stidger (May 30 Liberty), but I did see a lot of pro-Jewish propaganda in Vox Pop from the League Against Nazism.

As for American principles of religious and political freedom, let the League begin with the colored people here at home.—*George H. McHenry.*

WELL, GENTLEMEN, IS THERE OR IS THERE NOT A CANAL?

BERRYVILLE, ARK.—I read with interest Charles Lamareaux's letter in July 11 Vox Pop concerning the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Now it's your turn to guess again, Mr. Lamareaux, because there is such a thing as the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. This canal, as Liberty says, connects Lake Huron and Lake Superior.

A picture of this was printed on the eight-cent stamp of the Pan-American issue of postage stamps in 1901. The government doesn't often print pictures of things when they don't exist.—*Joe Burnham, Jr.*

YEH, BUT THE PLACE WAS CROOKED!

MINDENMINES, MO.—In the story Un-Lucky in Love (July 4 Liberty) I think the author's all wet about how much Bull won in the crap game in the story. It says Bull got hold of the dice and for eleven straight passes he won, letting his original ten dollars ride, and then the management closed down the table; then Bull moved to another table and in ten minutes this table retired from business. The Bull must have won at this table or they would not have closed down.

Then the management closed down the whole gambling house to keep Bull from winning more. So Bull went down the

line buying drinks for everybody, and then he wins ten thousand dollars in the crap game.

Now, do you know that if a man shot ten dollars in a crap game and won for eleven straight passes he would win $20,470? So if Bull only quit ten thousand dollars winner, I do not understand why the management closed down and said they would not open until ten o'clock. And what did Bull do with the other $10,470 that he won in the crap game?—*William Clemens.*

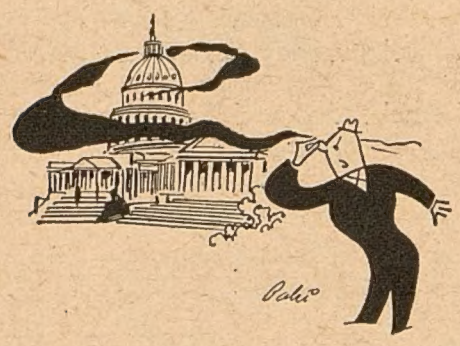
PLEA FROM FORGOTTEN MAN

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—During the past three damn long years the gentle zephyrs have wafted some weird aromas from the general direction of Washington, D. C.

Now, owing to the fact that said aromas can hardly be called fragrant, and because I positively am not endowed with the organs necessary for the appreciation of such unchristian stenches, will you, dear editor, kindly ask my fellow Vox Poppers in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, South

America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and Oshkosh to send me all their old Libertys, so I can rig up a good old-fashioned windbreak?

It'll certainly take a mind off my load if you will, wise guy, and by all that's dole-y I hereby promise to return all said magazines (with an autographed photo of the forgotten man to each rescuer) in the fall of the year of our Lord '36—when the wind changes. (The way I figure, the "stuff" Macfadden puts in these "bank robbers" will stop anything.)—*Eddie (Will-Sell-My-Vote) Porter.*



MAYBE SHE THOUGHT HE JUST WANTED TO PLAY

MADISON, CONN.—I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Benjamin J. Young (July 11 Liberty) that a gentleman who throws dishes at passers-by, spatters buttermilk on the walls and ceilings, rides a bike through the corridors, plays with live turtles, and cripples his landlady does not make an ideal tenant. In fact, I might go so far as to call him balmier even than most congressmen.

Still, the strange case of the whimsical Mr. Zioncheck leads me to suspect that others besides this frolicsome gentleman from Washington ought to have their heads examined. For instance, just what are we to think of the mental condition of a woman who allows herself to be put out of her own apartment, and who, even after she has been badly manhandled by drunken intruders, does nothing about it but sit docilely by until they finally get real rough and dislocate her hip, etc., etc.? The whole goofy affair reminds me of the League of Nations putting Mussolini in his place.

I sometimes wonder if, instead of putting a few of our insane into asylums, it wouldn't be a good idea to divide this country in half and let all of the lunatics live west of the Mississippi and all of the sane people east of it.

Or perhaps the Hudson or the Penobscot would make a better dividing line.—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

BACKS MR. MACFADDEN 100 PER CENT.

PEORIA, ILL.—I have been a constant reader of Liberty for years. The Macfadden editorials are usually pretty much up my alley, so that I could without the least difficulty back Macfadden 100 per cent for a national office. In fact, I have mentioned to friends that in the event the Republicans should gain control again, Macfadden should be elevated to some cabinet office. The proper agitation could bring that about.—*E. F. Kuhn.*

SOMETHING NEW IN THE "SWING" INFLUENCE

MONTCHANIN, DEL.—I find two errors in your July 4 issue. One, on page 10, under 'Tisn't So, by R. E. Doan. The tides on the side of the earth opposite the moon are not caused by the greater attraction of the moon for the land than for the water, as stated by Mr. Doan, but by "centrifugal" force, caused by the movement of the earth in responding to the moon's motion.

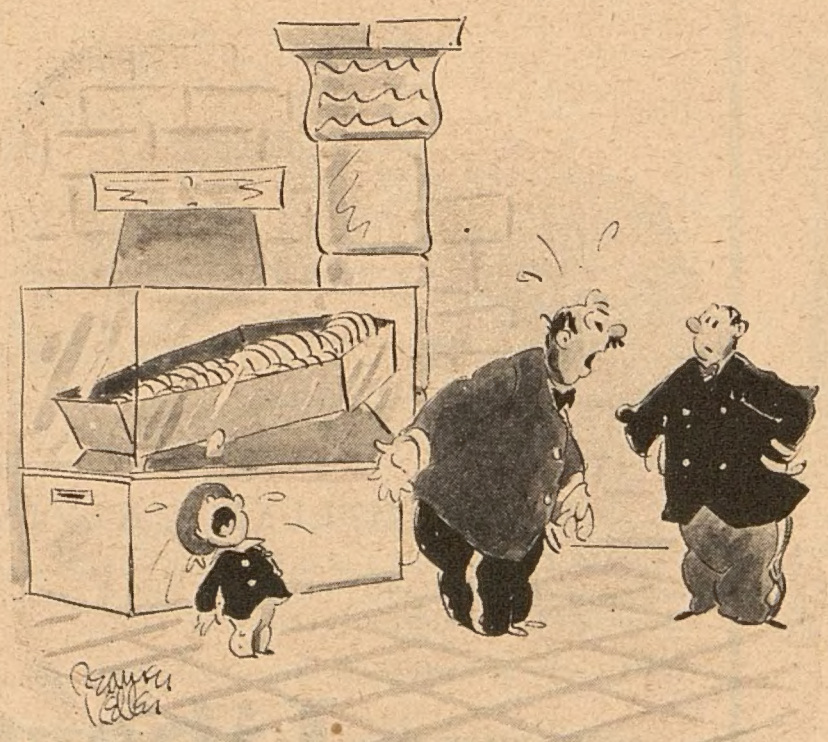
The earth and moon, as is the case with all planetary systems, move about a common center of gravity. This is seen in the case of a pair of dancers when the man swings his partner with her feet off the floor. He must always lean backward in so doing, in order that he and his partner swing about a common center of gravity, which must be over his feet.

The analogy is imperfect but clear. As the earth "swings back" in "swinging" the moon around, the centrifugal force on the far side is increased, while the moon's gravity, being farther away, is diminished—hence the tide. The force of the moon's gravity acts on the water and on the land in proportion on one side just as it does in proportion on the other, although the forces are different on each side.

Mr. Doan's explanation would lead one to believe that the moon pulls more on the water and less on the land on one side, and more on the land and less on the water on the other side. Nevertheless his first sentence is true in a general way.

The other error is in Twenty Questions. Question No. 4 asks: For what did Sir Donald Ross win renown?

The name should read Sir *R*onald and not Sir *D*onald—*E. Paul du Pont.*



"He claims he lost a mummy!"

LIBERTY VS. MOTHER GOOSE

SALTFORK, OKLA.—My name is Richard Park. I am four years old. I cannot read and write yet. But I am telling my Uncle Dick just what to write to you.

I like Liberty very much. Even better than my Mother Goose book. My mummy reads Liberty to me every night after she tucks me in bed. I always used to go to sleep with my mummy still reading. But now mummy has started to fall to sleep first. It is getting so she can't read even one story clear through without going to sleep. None of the other big folks will read it to me.

What will I do?—*Richard Park.*

FLORIDA NUDISTS REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE CALIFORNIA QUEEN

TAMPA, FLA.—Liberty reports in its July 11 It Happened In . . . that Nudist Queen Tanya Cubitt of the San Diego Exposition some time ago wired the Tampa nudist colony offering to trade a woman nudist stenographer for a male nudist barber.

The boss of the local nudist aggregation, queried as to the lack of publicity at this end of the line, rises to remark that the local outfit is on the up and up, affiliated with the recognized international nudist movement, while the San Diego colony is a carnival side show organized for gate receipts.

By the way, didn't some one rib up the organization of the blind in San Diego to protest formally last winter against continuation of Tanya's show during the 1936 session of the exposition?—*Dudley V. Haddock, Secretary, Tampa Chamber of Commerce.*

BOXING DISTASTEFUL TO THE REFINED

DENVER, COLO.—A law should be passed and strictly enforced prohibiting prize fights everywhere, and the showing of them in pictures, which please and entertain sport fans and the common unrefined class of people who are without brotherly love and who are not religious, with few exceptions.

God does not want no man to be "beat up" by his brother. Highly educated people of real culture and refinement, and spiritually developed, with love, purity, and kindness in their hearts, do not appreciate prize fights or anything that is low, rough, cruel, or unkind, as such are very annoying and distasteful to the refined.

With 75,000 or more people in the arena or stadium shouting at the same time at nothing, all paying big admission prices for their seats—their money wasted in this way would feed and clothe many thousands of poor hungry unemployed people. Selfishness is sin.—*Cleo Chester Smith.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

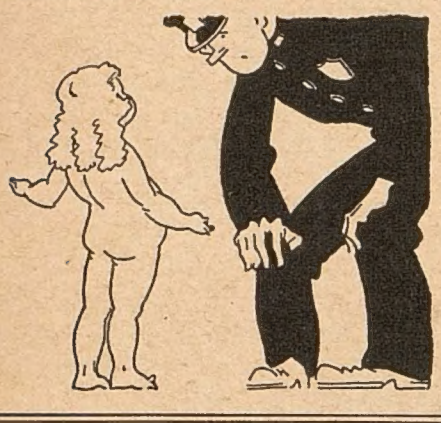
It Happened In

KECSKEMET, HUNGARY--Karl Burjan and Helen Szedesi went to the city clerk's office to be married. After the ceremony the clerk learned with amazement that he had married the bride to the groom's best man. A hasty annulment was granted, a new license issued, and the proper couple married.

WASHINGTON, D. C.--A stitch in time saved the life of the pet goldfish of Mrs. Wallace Powell.

When a member of the family brushed against the fish bowl, the bowl fell, broke, and cut the goldfish nearly in half. Using needle and thread just as if she were "mending a pair of pants," Mrs. Powell sewed the fish together. By the next day it was swimming in a new bowl with its customary abandon.

HELENA, MONT.—A report, "There's a nude girl blocking traffic downtown," sent police dashing to the scene. Officers leaped from their squad car, elbowed their way through the crowd—and found two-year-old Carroll Thompson in her birthday suit. She had run from her grandmother's apartment.



SIGNS BY THE ROADSIDE

The Confederate trenches withstand time better than the Union ones. They're deeper, better preserved. There is only a short distance separating the two lines on the Battlefield of the Wilderness. Guides try to tell you the story. Their

eyes glisten; their lips go dry; their words come fast. Unmarked heroes' graves are mute testimony, and rusty cannon balls and shells are frequently unearthed as a new National Park develops.

MORE SIGNS

This one was seen at Hondo, Texas: "You are now entering God's country. Don't drive through it like hell."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

WE WENT THROUGH HELL TOGETHER

We knew real despair. The gas was turned off in our house because we could not pay the bill. The food was almost gone—fourteen cents in cash was all the money we had left. . . . My husband worked as a dock walloper. He tried everything. When starvation faced us, he went on relief because of me and our children. . . . They said he was all through as a fighter. It was enough to break any man's soul. But it did not break my husband, for he has the soul of a fighter and the heart of a champion! He fought back in spite of everything. Fought back against a hundred odds. Fought back until the night came when he floored Max Baer and won the championship of the world. . . . Now the biggest fight of his life is ahead of him. But when he faces Max Schmeling he will not be alone. I shall be there and my children with me. Our prayers, our cheers, our love will be there to nerve him for the battle we know we shall win. For we have a secret—Jim and I—and by that secret we will win.

So says Mrs. James J. Braddock, wife of the champion heavyweight who is soon to risk his crown against another heavyweight equally determined to come back. Her story—the story that she tells with amazing frankness in Liberty next week, is one of the most thrilling documents we have ever found in the storehouse of dramas from real life.

Don't miss it! It comes to you next week along with a great collection of other exciting stories and articles—

JAPAN IS AT WAR WITH US NOW!

In Japan "girl slaves" toil at the looms for a few cents a day. And that, grimly explains Donald Comer, president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association, is why great American textile mills are folding up, throwing tens of thousands out of work.

WHAT KILLED CALVIN COOLIDGE?

"Silent Cal" they called him—the man with no emotion. But here a friend discloses what went on behind that "poker face" when shrewd Yankee foresight showed the late President what troubles his country was facing.

ALSO stories and articles by Brassil Fitzgerald, John Erskine, Johnny Evers, and others

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19

FIVE STEPS TO SUCCESS

One of these self-help books may be exactly what you need

The Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book, by William Allan Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form, usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints, efficiency suggestions, lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts, correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine, big, helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid **$1.00.**

CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **$1.00.**

HOME LESSONS IN TAP DANCING—Complete with 58 illustrations. With this excellent course you can learn to tap dance right at home. This system is so clear and simple, that anyone who can read can follow the instructions and start the simpler steps of tap dancing after only a few hours of practice. Tap dancing is not only a wonderful social accomplishment but is invaluable as a health culture and weight reducing exercise. Professionals make big money. The author of this course, Rita Ramsey, is a professional teacher and dancer. She has written her text with extraordinary clearness and with 58 revealing illustrations. Also she indicates the kind of radio, or other music, that is best for the beginner. If you have often wanted to tap dance, here is your opportunity to learn. Well and substantially bound, mailed postpaid for only **$1.00.**

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**$1.00.**

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